

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



ROSCOMMON.
 Had sacred Solitude from this calm Bay
 I view the World's tempestuous Sea.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WENT. DILLON,
EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Grecians added verse; their tuneful tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.—
Conqu'ring Rome,
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home,
Enrich'd by these Athenian Muses more
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before.—
Britain, last,
In manly sweetaest all the rest surpass.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom:
The Muses' empire is restor'd again
In Charles's reign, and by ROSCOMMON's pen. DRYDEN.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

THE
POLITICAL WORKS

OF
WENT. DILLON,

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

The following edition of the Works of the late Earl of Roscommon, published by the British Museum, is the first of the kind. It contains all the Works of the Earl, and is the most complete and accurate edition yet published. The Works are arranged in three volumes, and are accompanied by a Life of the Author, and a Catalogue of the Works. The edition is printed in the most elegant and accurate manner, and is the property of the British Museum.

IN CHARGE, &c. &c. BY ROSCOMMON'S SON
LONDON.

EDINBURGH:
AT THE SPENCER'S, BY THE MERCHANTS.
June 1780.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WENTWORTH DILLON,
EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,

TRANSLATIONS,

PROLOGUES,

IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Nor must ROSCOMMON pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n Rules a noble poetry;
Rules whose deep sense and brav'nly numbers show
The best of critics and of poets too.

ADDISON.

In all Charles's days
ROSCOMMON only boasts unpotted lays.—
ROSCOMMON! not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.

POPE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WENTWORTH DILLON

EARL OF ROSCOMMON

CONTAINING HIS

TRANSLATIONS

IMITATIONS

MISCELLANIES

PROLOGUES

BRITISH



MUSEUM

And every nation's merit and his name
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known
With manners' graces as his noble blood
ROSCOMMON, and more than twice his name
ROSCOMMON only name, his name was known
The best of nations, his name was known
That makes a name, his name was known
That makes a name, his name was known
That makes a name, his name was known

EDINBURGH

AT THE BOOKSellers AND THE PRESS

1780

WENTWORTH DILLON,
EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

This nobleman was son of James Dillon Earl of Roscommon, and was born in Ireland during the Lieutenancy of the Earl of Strafford, in the reign of King Charles I. Lord Strafford was his godfather, and named him by his own surname. He passed some of his first years in his native country, till the Earl of Strafford imagining, when the rebellion first broke out, that his father, who had been converted by Archbishop Usher to the Protestant religion, would be exposed to great danger, and he unable to protect his family, sent for his godson, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire under the tuition of Dr. Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, by whom he was instructed in Latin; and without learning the common rules of grammar, which he could never retain in his memory, he attained to write in that language with classical elegance and propriety, and with so much ease, that he chose it to correspond with those friends who had learning sufficient to support the commerce. When the Earl of Strafford was prosecuted, Lord Roscommon went to Caen in Normandy by the advice of Bishop Usher, to continue his studies under Bochart, where he is said to have had an extraordinary impulse of his father's death, which is related by

Mr. Aubrey in his Miscellany; " Our Author, then a
 " boy of about ten years of age, one day was as it were
 " madly extravagant in playing, getting over the ta-
 " bles, boards, &c. He was wont to be sober enough,
 " They who observed him said, God grant this proves
 " no ill luck to him. In the heat of this extravagant
 " fit he cries out, My father is dead. A fortnight af-
 " ter news came from Ireland that his father was
 " dead. This account I had from Mr. Knowles who
 " was his governor, and then with him, since Secre-
 " tary to the Earl of Strafford, and I have heard his
 " Lordship's relations confirm the same."

The ingenious author of Lord Roscommon's Life, published in The Gentleman's Magazine for the month of May 1748, has the following remarks on the above relation of Aubrey's.

" The present age is very little inclined to favour
 " any accounts of this sort, nor will the name of Au-
 " brey much recommend it to credit; it ought not;
 " however, to be omitted, because better evidence of
 " a fact is not easily to be found than is here offered;
 " and it must be by preserving such relations that we
 " may at least judge how much they are to be regard-
 " ed. If we stay to examine this account we shall find
 " difficulties on both sides; here is a relation of a fact
 " given by a man who had no interest to deceive him-
 " self; and here is, on the other hand, a miracle which
 " produces no effect; the order of Nature is inter-

"rupted to discover not a future but only a distant
"event, the knowledge of which is of no use to him
"to whom it is revealed. Between these difficulties
"what way shall be found? Is reason or testimony to
"be rejected? I believe what Osborne says of an ap-
"pearance of sanctity may be applied to such impul-
"ses or anticipations; "Do not wholly slight them,
"because they may be true; but do not easily trust
"them, because they may be false."

Some years after he travelled to Rome, where he
grew familiar with the most valuable remains of An-
tiquity, applying himself particularly to the know-
ledge of medals, which he gained in great perfection,
and spoke Italian with so much grace and fluency
that he was frequently mistaken there for a native.
He returned to England upon the restoration of King
Charles II. and was made Captain of the Band of Pen-
sioners, an honour which tempted him to some extra-
vagancies. "In the gaieties of that age," says Fenton,
"he was tempted to indulge a violent passion for ga-
"ming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in
"duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate for-
"tune." This was the fate of many other men whose
genius was of no other advantage to them than that
it recommended them to employments, or to distinc-
tion, by which the temptations to vice were multi-
plied, and their parts became soon of no other use than
that of enabling them to succeed in debauchery.

A dispute about part of his estate obliging him to return to Ireland, he resigned his post, and upon his arrival at Dublin was made Captain of the guards to the Duke of Ormond.

When he was at Dublin he was as much as ever distempered with the same fatal affection for play, which engaged him in one adventure which well deserves to be related: "As he returned to his lodgings from a gaming-table, he was attacked in the dark by three ruffians who were employed to assassinate him. The Earl defended himself with so much resolution that he dispatched one of the aggressors, while a gentleman accidentally passing that way interposed and disarmed another; the third secured himself by flight. This generous assistant was a disbanded officer of a good family and fair reputation; who by what we call Partiality of Fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the times, wanted even a plain suit of clothes to make a decent appearance at the Castle; but his Lordship on this occasion presenting him to the Duke of Ormond, with great importunity prevailed with his Grace that he might resign his post of Captain of the guards to his friend, which for about three years the gentleman enjoyed, and upon his death the Duke returned the commission to his generous benefactor."

His Lordship having finished his affairs in Ireland he returned to London, was made Master of the Horse

to the Duchess of York, and married the Lady Frances, eldest daughter of the Earl of Burlington, and widow of Colonel Courtnay.

About this time, in imitation of those learned and polite assemblies with which he had been acquainted abroad, particularly one at Caen, (in which his tutor Bochartus died suddenly while he was delivering an oration) he began to form a society for refining and fixing the standard of our language. In this design his great friend Mr. Dryden was a particular assistant; "A design," says Fenton, "of which it is much more easy to conceive an agreeable idea than any rational hope ever to see it brought to perfection." This excellent design was again set on foot under the ministry of the Earl of Oxford, and was again defeated by a conflict of parties, and the necessity of attending only to political disquisitions for defending the conduct of the administration, and forming parties in the parliament. Since that time it has never been mentioned, either because it has been hitherto a sufficient objection that it was one of the designs of the Earl of Oxford, by whom Godolphin was defeated, or because the statesmen who succeeded him have not more leisure, and perhaps less taste, for literary improvements. Lord Roscommon's attempts were frustrated by the commotions which were produced by King James's endeavours to introduce alterations in religion. He resolved to retire to Rome;

alleging "it was best to sit next the chimney when
"the chamber smoked."

It will no doubt surprise many of the present age,
and be a just cause of triumph to them, if they find
what Roscommon and Oxford attempted in vain car-
ried into execution, in the most masterly manner, by a
private gentleman, unassisted and unpensioned. The
world has seen this from the publication of an English
Dictionary by Mr. Johnson; a lasting monument of
the nation's honour and that writer's merit.

Lord Roscommon's intended retreat into Italy,
already mentioned, on account of the troubles in
James II's reign, was prevented by the gout, of which
he was so impatient that he admitted a repellent ap-
plication from a French empyric, by which his dis-
temper was driven up into his bowels, and put an
end to his life in 1684.

Mr. Fenton has told us that the moment in which
he expired he cried out, with a voice that expressed
the most intense fervour of devotion,

My God! my Father, and my Friend!
Do not forsake me at my end.

two lines of his own version of the Hymn, *Disce ire,*
Disce illa.

The same Mr. Fenton, in his notes upon Waller,
has given Roscommon a character too general to be
critically just. "In his Writings," says he, "we view
"the image of a mind which was naturally serious

“and solid, richly furnished and adorned with all the
“ornaments of art and science, and those ornaments
“unaffectedly disposed in the most regular and ele-
“gant order. His imagination might have probably
“been fruitful and sprightly if his judgment had
“been less severe; but that severity (delivered in a
“masculine, clear, sincere style) contributed to make
“him so eminent in the didactical manner, that no
“man with justice can affirm he was ever equalled
“by any of our nation, without confessing at the same
“time that he is inferior to none. In some other
“kinds of writing his genius seems to have wanted
“fire to attain the point of perfection: but who can
“attain it?”

“From this account of the riches of his mind, who
would not imagine that they had been displayed in
large volumes and numerous performances? who
would not, after the perusal of this character, be sur-
prised to find that all the proofs of this genius, and
knowledge and judgment, are hardly sufficient to form
a small volume? But thus it is that characters are ge-
nerally written; we know somewhat, and we ima-
gine the rest. The observation that his imagination
would have probably been more fruitful and sprightly
if his judgment had been less severe, might, if we
were inclined to cavil, be answered by a contrary sup-
position, that his judgment would have been less se-
vere if his imagination had been more fruitful: it is

ridiculous to oppose judgment and imagination to each other, for it does not appear that men have necessarily less of the one as they have more of the other.

We must allow in favour of Lord Roscommon what Fenton has not mentioned so distinctly as he ought, and what is yet very much to his honour, that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison; and that if there are not so many beauties in his compositions as in those of some of his contemporaries, there are at least fewer faults. Nor is this his highest praise; for Mr. Pope has celebrated him as the only moral writer in Charles II.'s reign.

Unhappy Dryden—In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays.

Mr. Dryden, speaking of Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse, has the following observation; "It was that," says he, "that made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice: for many a fair precept in poetry is like a seeming demonstration in mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in mechanic operation. I think I have, generally, observed his instructions: I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness, which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules."

This declaration of Dryden will be found no more than one of those cursory civilities which one author pays to another, and that kind of compliment for which Dryden was remarkable: for when the sum of Lord Roscommon's precepts is collected, it will not be easy to discover how they can qualify their reader for a better performance of translation than might have been attained by his own reflections.

He that can abstract his mind from the elegance of the poetry, and confine it to the sense of the precepts, will find no other direction than that the author should be suitable to the translator's genius; that he should be such as may deserve a translation; that he who intends to translate him should endeavour to understand him; that perspicuity should be studied, and unusual and untouth names sparingly inserted; and that the style of the original should be copied in its elevation and depression. These are the rules that are celebrated as so definite and important, and for the delivery of which to mankind so much honour has been paid. Roscommon has indeed deserved his praises had they been given with discernment, and bestowed not on the rules themselves, but the art with which they are introduced, and the decorations with which they are adorned.

The Essay, though generally excellent, is not without its faults. The story of the Quack, borrowed from

Boileau, was not worth the importation: he has confounded the British and Saxon mythology: one

I grant that from some mossy idol oak,
In double rhymes, our Thor and Woden spoke.

The oak, as Gildon has observed, belonged to the British druids, and Thor and Woden were Saxon deities. Of the double rhymes, which he so liberally supposes, he certainly had no knowledge.

His interposition of a long paragraph of blank verses is unwarrantably licentious. Latin poets might as well have introduced a series of iambics among their heroics.

His next work is the translation of The Art of Poetry, which has perhaps received not less praise than it deserves. Blank verse, left merely to its numbers, has little operation either on the ear or mind: it can hardly support itself without bold figures and striking images. A poem frigidly didactic, without rhyme, is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse.

Having disentangled himself from the difficulties of rhyme, he may justly be expected to give the sense of Horace with great exactness, and to suppress no subtilty of sentiment for the difficulty of expressing it: this demand, however, his translation will not satisfy: what he found obscure it is not obvious that he has ever cleared.

Among his smaller works the Eclogue of Virgil and the *Dissertatio* are well translated; though the best line in the *Dissertatio* is borrowed from Dryden. In return, succeeding poets have borrowed from Roscommon.

In the verses on the Lap-dog, the pronouns *thou* and *you* are offensively confounded; and the turn at the end is from Waller.

His versions of the two odes of Horace are made with great liberty, which is not recompensed by much elegance or vigour.

His political verses are sprightly, and when they were written must have been very popular.

Of the scene of Guarini, and the prologue to Pompey, Mrs. Philips, in her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel, has given the history.

"Lord Roscommon," says she, "is certainly one of the most promising young noblemen in Ireland. He has paraphrased a psalm admirably, and a scene of *Pastor Fido* very finely, in some places much better than Sir Richard Fanshawe. This was undertaken merely in compliment to me, who happened to say that it was the best scene in Italian, and the worst in English. He was only two hours about it. It begins thus:

"Dear happy groves! and you, the dark retreat
Of silent Horror, Rest's eternal seat."

From these lines, which are since somewhat mended, it appears that he did not think a work of two hours fit to endure the eye of criticism without revival.

When Mrs. Philips was in Ireland, some ladies that had seen her translation of *Pompey* resolved to bring it on the stage at Dublin; and, to promote their design, Lord Roscommon gave them a prologue, and Sir Edward Dering an epilogue; "which," says she, "are the best performances of those kinds I ever saw." If this is not criticism it is at least gratitude. The thought of bringing *Cæsar* and *Pompey* into Ireland, the only country over which *Cæsar* never had any power, is lucky.

Of Roscommon's Works the judgment of the public seems to be right. He is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquisite beauties, and he seldom falls into gross faults. His versification is smooth, but rarely vigorous, and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors to English literature.

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile or Tyrian shore
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
'Tis sure the noble plant translated first
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurs'd.
The Grecians added verse; their tuneful tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.
Nor stopp'd Translation here; for conqu'ring Rome,
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home,
Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before, 'Till
'Till barb'rous nations and more barb'rous times
Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes,
Those rude at first, a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close;
But Italy reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,

Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
 Restor'd a Silver not a Golden Age: 20
 Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see
 What rhyme improv'd in all its hight can be; }
 At best a pleasing sound and fair barbarity.
 The French pursu'd their steps, and Britain, last,
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass. 25
 The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
 Appear exalted in the British loom: 7 A 281
 'The Muses' empire is restor'd agen
 In Charles's reign, and by Roscommon's pen. 7
 Yet modestly he does his work survey, 30
 And calls a finish'd poem An Essay: 7
 For all the needful rules are scatter'd here, }
 Truth smoothly told and pleasantly severe; }
 (So well is Art disguis'd for Nature to appear.) }
 Nor need those rules to give Translation light, 35
 His own example is a flame so bright, 7
 That he who but arrives to copy well
 Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel: 7
 Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain, 7
 Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain. 40
 How much in him may rising Ireland boast!
 How much in gaining him has Britain lost!
 Their island in revenge has our's reclaim'd;
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd,
 'Tis well for us his gen'rous blood did flow 45
 Deriv'd from British channels long ago; 7

That here his conqu'ring ancestors were nurs'd, wov
 And Ireland but translated England first, ^{and first} ^W
 By this reprisal we regain our right, ^{and first} ^W
 Else must the two contending nations fight; ^{and first} ^W
 A nobler quarrel for his native earth ^{and first} ^W
 Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth. ^{and first} ^W
 To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
 How will Invention and Translation thrive,
 When authors nobly born will bear their part, 55
 And not disdain th' inglorious praise of art!
 Great gen'rale thus descending from command, ^{and first} ^W
 With their own toil provoke the soldier's hand.
 How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
 His fame augmented by an English peer *, 60
 How he embellishes his Helen's loves, ^{and first} ^W
 Out-does his softness, and his sense improves; ^{and first} ^W
 When these translate, and teach translators too, ^{and first} ^W
 Nor firstling kid nor any vulgar vow ^{and first} ^W
 Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand; ^{and first} ^W 65
 Roscommon writes! to that auspicious band,
 Muse! feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand. }
 Roscommon! whom both court and camps commend,
 True to his prince, and faithful to his friend; ^{and first} ^W
 Roscommon! first in fields of honour known, 70
 First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown, ^{and first} ^W
 Who both Minervas justly makes his own. }
 * The Earl of Mulgrave.

Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
 Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
 On equal terms with ancient Wit engage;
 Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page;
 Our English palace opens wide in state,
 And without stooping they may pass the gate.

JOHN DRYDEN.

AD ILLUSTRISSIMUM VIRUM,

DOM. COMIT. DE ROSCOMMON,

*In tentamen suum sive Specimen de Poetis Transferendis.**Carmen encomiasticum.*

ANGLIA si clavis pollet fecunda poetis
 Mundo præreptos jactans in pace triumphos;
 Pallada nutrit si non minus ubere glebâ;
 Augusto quam magna tulit sub Cæsare Roma;
 Hoc tibi debetur comes illustrissime seclis
 Nam postquam per te patuit, populoque refulsit
 Ars flacchi, vatū surrexit vivida proles;
 Divinus instructa modis et carmine puro.
 Jam non sola sequi vestigia sacra Maronis
 Sed transferre datur: vos O gaudete superbi
 Angligenæ, meritisque virum redimite corollis
 Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.
 Nam duce te vatū series æterna sequetur,
 Qui tentare modos ausi immortalis Homeri,

Heroasque, deosque canent, plausuque secundo 15
 Non male ceratis tendent super æthera pennis.
 Et tua, docte Maro (ni fallor) carmina reddent
 Majestate pari; dum lata vagaberis umbra
 Per sacrum spatiosa nemus: versuque Britanno
 Æneadas mirata cani, bellumque, ducesque, 20
 Et pastoris oves, his vocibus ora resolves.
 Quam bene te poteram patulis amplectier ulnis,
 Magnæ comes, nostræ O famæ defensor et hæres!
 Nunc licet infulus vertant mea scripta poetæ,
 Mollior ac elegis Ovidi sonet Ilias, 25
 Mævius infelix clamor disperdere versus.
 Cuncta fiat Silentia, et haud imitabile carmen
 Prima quod infantia cecinit cunabula mundi,
 Durabit, famamque per omnia tebitur ævum.
 Grandibus ille modis et mirâ pingitur arte: 30
 Per te, dulcè decus, nostri viget ille laboris
 Reliquiæ, multum celebrandus in orbe Britanno.
 Tu gepinæ fræna tuo, nec voce beatam
 Hâc tristere animam—capæ dona extrema tuorum.
 Carmina adhuc cineri exequias perfolve Maronia. 35
 Pulchrior in tantâ splendet mea gloria Musa.
 Plurimus Angligenum manibus versabere, plebi
 Sordebunt excusa dicum simulacra tabellis;
 Te melius vivo pingentem castreusæ cerænt.
 Dum Translatorum sudant ignobile vulgus, 40
 Ut capteat oculos phaleris, et imagine falsâ

Lactent lectorem, et vanâ dulcedine pascant;
 Me mihi restituis versu, sensusque latentes
 Eruis, et duplicem reddit tuâ chartæ Maronem.

E. Collegio S. S. et in-
 dividuum Trin. Cant.

CAROLUS DRYDEN

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT POEM.

As when by lab'ring stars new kingdoms rise,
 The mighty mass in rude confusion lies,
 A court unform'd, disorder'd at the bar,
 And ev'n in peace the rugged mien of war,
 'Till some wise statesman into method draws
 The parts, and animates the frame with laws,
 Such was the case when Chaucer's early toll
 Founded the Muses' empire in our soil,
 Spenser improv'd it with his painful hand,
 But lost a noble Muse in Fairy-land;
 Shakespeare said all that Nature could impart;
 And Johnson added industry and art.
 Cowley and Denham gain'd immortal praise;
 And some who merit as they wear the bays,
 Search'd all the treasures of Greece and Rome,
 And brought the precious spoils in triumph home.
 But still our language had some ancient rust,
 Our flights were often high, but seldom just;
 There wanted one who licensè could restrain;
 Make civil laws o'er barb'rous usage reign;

One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,
 To hold the scales, and give the stamp of wit;
 In whom ripe judgment and young fancy meet,
 And force the poet's rage to be discreet;
 Who grows not nauseous whilst he strives to please,
 But marks the shelves in the poetic seas;
 Who knows and teaches what our clime can bear,
 And makes the barren ground obey the lab'rer's care.

Few could conceive, none the great work could do;
 'Tis a fresh province, and reserv'd for you.

Those talents all are your's, of which but one
 Were a fair fortune for a Muse's son;
 Wit, reading, judgment, conversation, art,
 A head well balanc'd, and a gen'rous heart.
 While insect rhymes cloud the polluted sky,
 Created to molest the world and die,
 Your file does polish what your fancy cast;
 Works are long forming which must always last.
 Rough iron sense, and stubborn to the mould,
 Touch'd by your chymic hand is turn'd to gold;
 A secret grace fashions the flowing lines,
 And inspiration thro' the labour shines.
 Writers in spite of all their paint and art
 Betray the darling passion of their heart;
 No fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence;
 Still true to friendship, modesty, and sense.
 So saints from heav'n, for our example sent,
 Live to their rules, having nothing to repent.

Horace, if living, by exchange of fate, One would
 Would give no law, but only your's translated of 56
 Hoist sail, bold Writers! search, discover far, w al
 You have a compass for a polar star And force the
 Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhymes 7
 Soften the savage humour of the times But must be
 Tell all those untouch'd wonders which appear'd 1
 When Fate itself for our great monarch fear'd by 6
 Securely thro' the dang'rous forest led Few would
 By guards of angels when his own were fled Tis a
 Heav'n kindly exercis'd his youth with cares I
 To crown with unmix'd joys his ripen years a 56
 Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known, W
 The second hope and genius of the throne A head
 Heav'n in compassion brought him on our stage W
 To tame the fury of a monstrous age (reated to me
 But what bless'd voice shall your Maria sing, 63
 Or a fit off'ring to her altars bring? Works are long
 In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat, Rough then
 Great always, without aiming to be great Touch'd
 Beauty and Love sit awful in her face, A secret
 And ev'ry gesture form'd by ev'ry Grace 70
 Her glories are too heav'nly and refin'd W
 For the gross senses of a vulgar mind Henry the
 It is your part (you poets can divine) to James
 To prophesy how she by Heav'n's design ill
 Shall give an heir to the great British line, 75

Who over all the Western isles shall reign,
Both awe the continent and rule the main;
It is your place to wait upon her name
Thro' the vast regions of eternal fame.

True poets' souls to princes are ally'd,
And the world's empire with its kings divide;
Heav'n trusts the present time to monarch's care,
Eternity is the good writer's share.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

While satire pleas'd, and nothing else was writ,
But pure ill-nature pass'd for noblest wit,
Some priv'leg'd climes the poisonous weeds refuse;
But when a gen'rous understanding Muse
Does richer fruits from happier soils translate,
We're sent to Ireland by reverse of fate;
Yet you, I know, with Plato would disdain
To write and equal the Mæonian strain;
If 't would debauch your humour so far forth
To think so mean a thing enhanc'd your worth;
For were that praise, and only that, your due,
Which Virgil too might claim no less than you;

Tho' that had merited my bare esteem; 15
 I'd leave to other pens the single theme: 20
 But when I saw the candour of your mind;
 A Muse inur'd to camps in courts refin'd;
 A soul ev'n capable of being a friend;
 Free from those follies which the great attend;
 I grant such excellence my soul did fire;
 Unable to commend I will admire. 20

“Happy the man when no concern is nigh,
 “But Nature's wanton and his blood runs high,
 “Who free from cares enjoys without controul
 “His Muse, the darling mistress of his soul!
 “No tedious court his appetite destroys, 25
 “Nor thoughts of gain pollute the rapt'rous joys;
 “The dear Minerva's form'd without a pain,
 “And nothing less could spring from such a brain;
 “And yet his godlike pity he imparts
 “To those that drudge at duty 'gainst their hearts,
 “And to illib'ral uses wrest the lib'ral arts” — 31

When I observe the wonders you explain,
 Too much the Ancients you commend—in vain;
 In vain you would endeavour to persuade
 That all our laws were in those archives laid;
 That poetry must ever stand unmov'd,
 The only art experience han't improv'd.
 But grant their rites were to religion grown,
 Sure they concern no countries but their own;

For let *Æneid* pass thro' others' hands,
 The *Æneid*'s self a third-rate poet stands;
 Unfit to reach the heights that he has flown,
 We wisely to our level bring him down:
 Himself had writ less sweet and less sublime
 In any other tongue or other time.
 And now, my Lord, on this account I grieve;
 To think how diff'rent from yourself you 'll live.
 When this inimitable Piece is shown
 In languages and empires yet unknown,
 It will be learning then to know and hear
 Not only what you wrote but what you were!

UPON THE
 EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

TRANSLATION OF HORACE DE ARTE POETICA,

And of the Use of Poetry.

ROME was not better by her *Horace* taught,
 Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
 The poet writ to noble *Piso* there;
 A noble *Piso* does instruct us here;
 Gives us a pattern in his flowing style,
 And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:
 Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd
 Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd

O Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
 Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;
 Direct us how to back the winged horse,
 Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Tho' poets may of inspiration boast,
 Their rage, ill-govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
 He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
 At once his fancy and his judgment shows.
 Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,
 Neglect of which no wit can recompense.
 The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
 That sacred stream should never water weeds,
 Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
 Which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
 Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:
 Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
 But they move more in lofty numbers told.
 By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
 We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muse's friend, unto himself severe,
 With silent pity looks on all that err;
 But where a brave, a public, action shines,
 That he rewards with his immortal lines.
 Whether it be in council or in fight,
 His country's honour is his chief delight;
 Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
 Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd)
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts. 40
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as, of old, wise bards employ'd, to make 45
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake :
Law-giving heroes fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes :
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught. 50
So wand'ring bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive :
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the spoil, 55
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil,
They give us food which may with nectar vie,
And wax that does the absent sun supply. 58

EDMUND WALLER.

Cum Opus suum Manuscriptum, undè cum eleganti carmine Latino sibi mitteret illustrissimus Author, ita respondit devotissimus suus, K. C.

AULE dulce decus, quem culta Britannia vellet,
 Scotia seque sibi vir peperisse putat;
 Quid, mihi dum nonquam peritura volumina mittis,
 Me, nisi mirari, dulcis amice, velis?
 Scripta tua in melius qui fingere possit, Apellis
 Is venerem, Phidiaz possit et ille Jovem:
 Consilio ille juret miscentem elementa tonantem,
 Rectius et soli scribere possit iter.
 Res sancta est, surgens vestra ad fastigia, vates,
 Cui præsens semper pectora numerus habet.
 Quantum est victuris victuras condere leges,
 In-litem lauros et revocare novam!
 Extinctis vitam dare res est quanta! sed ipse
 Quantus! pars minima est Musa diserta tui.

MISCELLANIES.

AN ESSAY

ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author whose correct Essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way;
And happy you who, by propitious fate,
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.

TENTAMEN, SIVE SPECIMEN

DE POETIS TRANSFERENDIS LATINE REDDITUM †.

FELIX ille operis, digno qui carmine leges
Restituit, sacrae quas fixit Horatius arti.
Vos quoque felices, quibus indulgentia fati
Militem tanto primam tolerare magistro,
Vexillumque dedit sacratum attollere Phœbi.
Egregiè instructi miris ducis artibus, arma

* John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire.

† This Latin version of Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse is by the late Mr. Eusden of Cambridge.

But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
 Conspire to censure and expose our age,
 Provok'd too far, we resolutely must
 To the few virtues that we have be just; 10
 For who have long'd or who have labour'd more
 To search the treasures of the Roman store,
 Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
 The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle
 With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile. 15
 Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
 And Nature seconds all his soft desires.
 Theocritus does now to us belong,
 And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.

Exercere prius nôlis, quàm ad prælia ventum est.
 At nunc cum prælium, cum pulpita, cumq; theatra
 Stultitiam sæc'li rident, et stultiùs augent,
 Sæpe laceßitis sumenda audacia; nobis 10
 Virtutes pauca; fas sit defendere paucas.
 Qui nostris cupidi magis, aut qui plura ferendo
 Certârunt vastas Romæ perquirere gazas,
 Purius aut Graiis aurum exhaurire fodinis?
 Translatûs nostris fructus pulcherrimus oris 15
 Spes det maturas, et amænis floribus halat.
 Dulcè fluens Naso teneros inspirat amores,
 Et quodcunque petit, sequitur natura petentem.
 Nostra Syracosium referunt jam carmina vatem,
 Illius agrestem rupes sonat Anglica Musam. 20

Who has not heard how Italy was blest
 Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
 Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
 As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view,
 When mourning nymphs attend their Daphne's shears,
 Who does not weep that reads the moving verse?
 But hear, oh! hear, in what exalted strains
 Sicilian Muses thro' these happy plains
 Proclaim Saturnian tunes—our own Apollo reigns!
 When France had breath'd, after intestine broils,
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
 There, cultivated by a royal hand,
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest'd the land;

Quis nescit, quanto felicior Italia tellus
 Medorum sylvis, gemmisque Oriente superbo?
 Aut quæ cantavit Gallus mollissima, cantus
 Redditur, en! qualem immoto nec corde Lycoris
 Ipsa legat: vel cùm lugent tua funera, Daphnè,
 Nymphæ, quis siccis lugentes cernat ocellis?
 En! verò numeris, en! quàm sublimibus arva
 Fortunata per hæc sicula Saturnia Musæ
 Tempora jam resonant; noster jam regnat Apollo.

Libera civili requiescere Gallia bello
 Ut caput, pacemque domi palmasque labores
 Externi peperere, illic doctrina vigeat
 Regali nutrita manu, latèque bebat

The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known
 Her excellent translators made her own;
 And Europe still considerably gains
 Both by their good example and their pains.
 From hence our gen'rous emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd, the same.
 But now we shew the world a nobler way,
 And in Translated Verse do more than they;
 Serene and clear harmonious Horace flows,
 With sweetness not to be express'd in prose;
 Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
 And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill:

*Omnia diffundens sese: tum Græcia quicquid,
 Aut quicquid Latium jactaret amabile, solers,
 Dum dignè vertit, proprium sibi Gallia fecit.
 Et quòd adhuc nostrò, tu jure fateberis, orbi
 Multùm operæ illius, multùm exemplaria profint.
 Hinc ille illustris nobis, hinc æmulus ardor;
 Rem libuit tentare, et quæ tentata placebat,
 Sortita eventum votis successit amicè.
 At nunc nobilior monstratur semita, verso
 Carminè præstans nos, quod nec Gallia præstet.
 Hic, numerosè, nites sinè nube serenus, Horatius,
 Nil perit hic, numeris et iisdem redderis idem;
 Vim nemo hanc dulcem speret sermone soluto.
 Vulgaris sermo vatis nudè edere sensum
 Ille valet; tibi materiam, non explicat ingens*

I, who have serv'd him more than twenty years; 43
 Scarce know my master as he there appears;
 Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their cares;
 The fault is more their language's than theirs:
 'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words;
 Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;
 But who did ever in French authors see
 The comprehensive English energy?
 The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
 Drawn to French-wire, would thro' whole pages
 I speak my private but impartial sense — [shine.
 With freedom, and, I hope, without offence;
 For I'll recant when France can shew me wit
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.

Artis opus: colui multos quem sedulus annos
 Ipse ego, qualis ibi legitur mutatus in ora
 Planè aliena, meum jam vix agnosco magistrum.
 Frustrà finitimi tendunt, frustràque laborant,
 Des linguae vitio, hand illis: hæc culta videtur
 Florida, verborumque serax, quæ sortè tenellas
 Titillent leviorè sono, quàm possumus, aures.
 Esto; at quis nobis ostendat Gallicus autor
 Angliacæ nervos simul, et compendia linguae?
 Carminis unius nitidus cum pondere sensus
 Deductus tenui per tota poemata filo
 Ornaret Gallos: quæ sit sententia nobis

'Tis true composing is the nobler part,
 But good Translation is no easy art;
 For tho' materials have long since been found;
 Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
 And by improving what was writ before
 Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds
 Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds;
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes
 At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes:

(Æqua licet privata) libet veram edere aptè,
 Nec cuiquam nocuisse velim, nam dicta retracto,
 Si brevitate pari sensus includere nōrint
 Tam crebros, acresque, et molli stringere nodo.

Pulchrior illa quidem est sacundo pectore primū
 Rem tibi vis promens, feliciq; ubere vena,
 Sed genio haud caret et bene vertere; nam tibi quamvis
 Tradita materies aliunde hæc suppetat, extrā
 Libera non ponis vestigia, cogeris arcto
 Limite, dum circa patulum versaberis orbem;
 Dumque studes augere, tibi quæ tradita res est,
 Quò minus ingenium hic sudat, sacundaque vena,
 Tantò iudicii magis exeroetur acumen.

Exoffare solum, cui semen credere tendis
 Pierium, faxis primū salebrisque decebit,
 Vellere et urticas criticorum turpiter hirtas.
 Avertit Phœbus, trepidat Parnassia rupes,

For none have been with admiration read
But who beside their learning were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true;
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve;
Whoever vainly on his strength depends
Begins like Virgil, but like Mæviu's ends.
That wretch, in spite of his forgotten rhymes,
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
Sung lofty Ilium tumbling to the ground.

Cùm strepitu horrifono Baralip-ton vulnerat aures,
Dignus nemo legi, atque diu retinere legentes;
Nè bene moratas doctus qui possidet artes.
Difficilis labor, et paucis superabilis hic est;
Falle te ut nolis ipsum: procul absit iniqua
Gratia, sperne dolos, pròbitas spectetur, et imas
Pande animi latebras, atque omnes excute nervos.
Qui vanè propriis confidere viribus audet,
Prodeat ille Maro forsan, sed Mæviu's erit;
Infelix! cujus, postquam data carmina scombris,
Damnatur vità post scripta superstitè nonien,
Pœnam immortalem mortali ex carmine pendens:
Is tumidis ruptus hùccis, vacuòque bôatu
Torva Minalloneis implevit cornua hombis.

And (if my Muse can thro' past ages see) and soon to
That noisy, nauseous, gaping, fool was he, and soon to
Exploded when with universal scorn

The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

"Learn, learn," Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,

"Audacious Mortals! and be timely wise."

"Tis I that call; remember Milo's end,

"Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to bend."

Each poet with a different talent writes;

One praises, one instructs, another bites:

Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,

Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.

Si bene lapsa memor repetat mihi sæcula Musa,

Mævius ille fuit vano promissor hiatus.

Contemptus meritis, cum pasturentibus altis

Montibus, (horrendum!)—mox prodit exiguus mus.

Discite, jam magnâ conclamans voce per umbras

Ille lacertosus, clarus pugil ille Crotonis,

Milo jubet sua fata docens, temerarius olim

Viribus ipse suis nodosum in robur adactus,

Findere quod primo nimis est feliciter ausus.

Diversi scribunt diverso numine votes,

I laudibus hic pollet, salibus tu, moribus alter.

Non epicas natus Flaccus sibi pascere lauros,

Ipse nec ad lyricum celius descendere carmen

Dignatus Maro. Tu, quâ mens iter ipsa frequentat,

Quâ mens iter ipsa frequentat,

Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
 And which the ruling passion of your mind;
 Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
 And chuse an author as you chuse a friend;
 United by this sympathetic bond,
 You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
 Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls,
 No longer his interpreter, but he,

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
 How nice the reputation of the maid!
 Your early, kind, paternal, care appears
 By chaste instruction of her tender years;
 The first impression in her infant breast
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.

Quæ primùm, explores, rapit ultro pectora flamma.
 Tum tibi cognatum, qui transito vergit eodem,
 Autoremque legas, tanquam legeretur amicus.
 Dumque pari stringunt vos vincula mutua nexu,
 Miras erit consensus, amabis, amaberis idem;
 Mens eadem, similis sententia, vox, et trique,
 Interpres jam tu non illius, alter ab ille.
 Circumstant cunas quàm prona pericula Musa
 Virginis hinc, quàm lubrica fama poellæ!
 Commendat sese patris indulgentia primùm,
 Molle lutum casto siingas pollice: forma
 Vultus prima manet, singatur et optima prima.

Let not austerity breed servile fear,
 No wanton sound offend her virgin ear;
 Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
 And specious flattery's more pernicious bait;
 Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
 But your neglect must answer for her faults;
 Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense.
 What moderate sop would take the Park of stews
 Who among troops of faultless nymphs may chuse?

Ne premat ingenium, libertatemque decoram
 Austeri servus timor, imperiumque magistri;
 Nec verba interea violenti lasciva pudicam
 Non illa etatis ventoso turgida fastu
 Addicat probas assentatoribus aures,
 Nec nimis illa procis pateat laudantibus ultrò;
 Sic decor ingenuus mentem huic sine fraudibus ornet,
 Sed culpa arguitur tui siquid nescia peccat.
 Fas nunquam obscenis veniam concedere dictis,
 Communi sensu plane caret horridus ille;
 Quid deceat, quid non, prave, aut securus ineptens
 Equis enim sapiens mediocriter, usque profusus
 Æris, et usque adeo nugator splendidus, intem-
 Libera cui nymphas commercia dentur honestas,
 Solicitare velit plebem et de sacce lupanar?
 Ergo tuum eligere est digne, cum suppetat ingens,

Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound;
But moral great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice;
And such applause it must expect to meet
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bills and bears, and ev'ry sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 't is not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 't is understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like osymel of squills.

Dignaque materias, et rerum copia prægna,
Quam veritas etiam dignè quæ viribus apta est;
Sit grandis, magnùmque sonans, modèrataque rectè.
Materiem sapiens sectantes spernit inanem;
Hi sperent plausus, quales per compita pictor
Excipit ille, artis qui stultæ prodigiis urfos,
Exprimit, et tauros, et siquod pensile signum;
Attonito ad vappæ læces trahit ore popellum.

Nec tamen hoc satis est sic elegisse potenter
Materiem, nisi et hæc demum intellecta placebit.
Objicit ante oculos mihi qui deformia visu,
(Quod multi e priscis, multi fecere recentes)
Aversandâ animum malè torquet imagine, qualis

Instruct the list'ning world how Maro sings
 Of useful subjects and of lofty things;
 These will such true, such bright, ideas raise
 As merit gratitude as well as praise
 But foul descriptions are offensive still,
 Either for being like, or being ill:
 For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
 On holy garbage tho' by Homer cook'd
 Whose railing heroes and whose wounded gods
 Makes some suspect he snores as well as nods.
 But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
 And Horace looks with indignation down;

Pharmaca gustantum gravis oscula torquet amaror.
 Te duce, Virgilium attonitus latè audiat orbis,
 Ut cecinit sublime! ut miscuit utile dulce
 Omnibus hinc verè formosa orietur imago;
 Devinctosque habeas, non tantum laudibus æquos:
 Te laudasse parum est, meritis si præmia donent.
 At non arridet describens turpia, vitam
 Si bene pingat, idem est, si pravè: nam quis iniquæ
 Tam patiens cæniæ, ut fastidia ferre culinæ,
 Mæoniæ immotus sibi temperet? hæc sua divi
 Vulnera dum plorant, et dum rixatur Achilles,
 Non modò desinitat, vereor, sed stertit Homerus.
 Parcior ista:—Maro cælo indignatus ab alto
 Avertit, Flaccusque oculos: mea Musa recedit.

My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
 And whom they like implicitly admire,
 On sure foundations let your fabric rise;
 And with attractive majesty surprise,
 Not by affected meretricious arts,
 But strict harmonious symmetry of parts,
 Which thro' the whole insensibly must pass,
 With vital heat to animate the mass;
 A pure, an active, unobscured flame,
 And bright as heav'n, from whence the blessing came;
 But few, oh! few souls, preordain'd by Fate,
 The race of gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.

Tincta rubore genas, et quem par nobile fratrum
 Vindicat, obsequio probat, et miratur in illis.
 Mansura fundata basi se fabrica tollat,
 Ut videam plenum gratæ, stupeamque videndum
 Majestatis opus: miserâ non splendeat arte
 Fucatum, sed sit simplex duntaxat, et unum;
 Corpore compacto robustum, et partibus aptis.
 Hinc pura, hinc velox, hinc felicissima flamma
 Lumine divino (donum est divinitus ortum)
 Per varias tacite partes labatur, et intus
 Totam animet molem, foveatque caloribus almis.
 Heu tamen, heu! pauci, (quos Jupiter æquus amavit)
 Pulchra Deum soboles, mirum tetigere cacumen,
 Non novus huc Titan accedere crimine possit.

No rebel, Titan's sacrilegious crime, 135
 By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb;
 The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
 Æneas entrance till he knew his guide
 How justly then will impious mortals fall,
 Whose pride would soar to heav'n without a call
 Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault) 161
 Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought;
 The men who labour and digest things most
 Will be much apter to despond than boast;
 For if your author be profoundly good 165
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood

Sacrilego, montes iterum si montibus addat. 175
 Squallidus, haud visâ primâ duce, portitor orci
 Dardanio Herôl cymbanique, aditumque negavit,
 Nec nisi monstratâ potuit mittere virgâ.
 Quo non jure ruent nostrorum crimina, fastus
 Qui vetito cælum arripiunt, et non sua captant? 180
 Fastus, quo vitium non perniciosius ullum,
 Arguit aut celeres animos, curâque carentes,
 Aut turpis parit hunc inscitia, crassus et error.
 Nam siqui sudant impensius, atque laborant,
 Desperare magis, quàm sunt hactare parati. 185
 Sic si contineat sensus tuus ille profundoi,
 Sæpe stylum vertis, limæque incumbere totus
 Cogeris, exprimere ut valeas, et reddere purum.

How many ages since has Virgil writ!
 How few are they who understand him yet!
 Approach his altars with religious fear,
 No vulgar deity inhabits there:
 Heav'n shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
 Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
 Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
 Sublime ideas and apt words infuse,
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the
 What I have, I fanc'd only in the best
 Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.

Sæclorum en! retrò quàm fluxit plurimus ordo,
 Ex quo Virgilius legitur! sed pars quota vatem
 Lectorum assequitur vulgò! tu pronus ad aras
 Relligione pavens procumbe, habitat Deus intus,
 Nec de plebe deus: nutu Jovis altus Olympus
 Si quatitur, trepidare Andina ad numina turbam:
 Fas pariter vatem, atque suum placare Tonantem.
 Salve magno Maro! sanctum, et venerabile nomen;
 Nostra tuâ accendas cœlesti pectora flammâ,
 Hinc O! res liceat, vivas hinc ducere voces,
 Musa mihi inspiret cantus, sed tu rege Musam.
 Jamque ego de summo dixi quodcunque poetâ,
 Id quoque de reliquis poteris dixisse gradatim.
 Sit primò proprium tibi curæ exquirere sensum,

Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
 There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar;
 Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
 Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;
 Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
 The multitude is always in the wrong.
 When things appear unnatural or hard,
 Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
 Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
 And future ages to your labour owe?
 Such secrets are not easily found out,
 But once discover'd leave no room for doubt:
 Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
 And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Fortiter hoc contende, et totas exere vires,
 Omnes ne pigeat criticorum evolvere chartas,
 Forfitan hic ille, et rectè alter judicet illic.
 At cave, ne turbam malefuada libido sequendi
 Te teneat; semper præceps it vulgus, et errat.
 Si quædam dura, et nimium detorta putabis,
 Autorem sibi componens modò consulo; quis scit,
 Felici annuerit dexter si Cynthius auso,
 Quantum sera tui dicarint sæcula labores?
 Hæc arcana quidem non cuilibet obvia curæ,
 Sed simul ut patuere, error fugit ante, metusque:
 Intima pertinetat solidum tibi pectora verum,
 Et pace æternâ cumulat te candidus hospes.

Truth still is one; Truth is divinely bright,
 No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
 While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
 You may confound but never can translate:
 Your style will this thro' all disguises show,
 For none explain more clearly than they know.
 He only proves he understands a text
 Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
 They who too faithfully on names insist,
 Rather create than dissipate the mist,
 And grow unjust by being over-nice,
 (For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)

Simplex est Verum, et divinâ luce coruscum,
 Nec premit ingenuos vultus dubitabilis error.
 Hoc certum est, tibi in ambiguo dum sensus adhæret,
 Perplexum turbare magis, sed vertere nunquam.
 Sincerrum dabitur: falsos per mille colores
 Te prodes stylus ipse cavâ sub imagine ludens.
 Nemo etenim verbis rem clariùs explicat,
 Pectore quàm concepit; et is concepit acutè,
 Qui nil obscurum verborum in nube relinquit.
 Interpres fidus, minimùm qui nomina curat,
 Inducit potiùs tenebras, quàm dissipat; et fit
 Jure adeò ex summo summè idem injurius: odit
 Cœca superstitio, stultè quem diligit: ipsa
 Sponte suâ in vitium virtus delabatur, ultrâ

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
 How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell;
 Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
 That few know Pacorus or Monases' name;
 Words in one language elegantly us'd
 Will hardly in another be excus'd;
 And some that Rome admir'd in Caesar's time
 May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
 The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
 Shews a Translator both discreet and bold.
 Excursions are inexpiable bad;
 And 't is much safer to leave out than add.

Quàm par est textusque tenax, et mordicus hærens.
 Ut bis Romanas Parthi fregere phalanges;
 Aut, Labiene, tua, aut Crassi hoc edisserat umbra;
 Quando ita consuluit famæ pia Roma suorum,
 Ut Pacorum vix nostra, agnoscant vix sic illa Monases.

Quæ verba alterius linguæ splendore nitescunt,
 Fortè carent veniâ, si vis transferre; nec olim,
 Omnia, quæ fovère Augusti tempora, nostro
 Conveniunt genio, nec honore ferentur eodem
 Reddita: sed propriè sensus, quos continet autor,
 Qui docet, hic interpret erit consultus, et audax.

Longè a proposito nullis lustranda piæ
 Culpa recedendi: nihil addas, siquid omittas
 Tutius est, verbis cultum patientibus ægri.

• Hor. lib. iii. ode 5.

Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
 With painful care, but seeming easiness,
 For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress.
 Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
 Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait,
 Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
 As Venus speaks or Philomela sings.
 Your author always will the best advise;
 Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.
 Affected noise is the most wretched thing
 That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
 Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
 On even syllables (and still the last)

Mystica si vatum quandoque arcana resolves,
 Lima tibi facilem cura mentita laboret,
 Nativa ut videatur; amat splendescere verum
 Simplex munditiis: cum sese Æneia Musa
 Inferat incessu magno, Jovis æmula cingit
 Flamma laus, fulmenque: interdum mollia scribit,
 Quæ, Philomela, canas, quæ tu, Cytheræa, loquaris.
 Consilium dabit ipse autor, rectèque monebit,
 Cumque cadente cadas, et cum surgente resurgas.
 Crede mihi, nugas miserum affectare canoras:
 Nil aliud premit inferius per inania raptos.
 Syllabanam modò par cadat omnis, et ultima semper,
 (Quæ levis est cura) et propriis accentibus aures
 Ordo petat numerosus, habebunt verba sonos, et

Tho' gross innumerable faults abound; 236
 In spite of nonsense never fail of sound;
 But this is meant of even verse alone;
 As being most harmonious and most known;
 For if you will unequal numbers try,
 There accents on odd syllables must lie. 235
 Whatever sister of the learned Nine
 Does to your suit a willing ear incline;
 Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
 She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame;
 But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
 And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
 You lose the fruit of all your former care
 For the sad prospect of a just despair.

Iustum aded modulamen inania plurima rerum.
 Hæc modò vera pari de carmine dicere fas est,
 Notum alijs quoniam magis, et quia dulcius; at si
 Forfan inæquales numeros tentare libebit,
 Quà cadit accentus; cave, syllaba quæq; sit impar.
 E doctâ Aonidum turbâ quæcunque sororum
 Arridens precibus surdam non admovent aurem;
 Utere sorte tuâ, decus immortale mereri
 Nunc aude; flammæ Musa immemor esse fidelis
 Non ingrata solet: quòd si tibi mobile pectus
 Fluctuat, et facili quòvis impellitur aurâ,
 Præteritus fordescet honos, mæstusque videbis
 Spem meritò creptam tibi cum mercede laborum. 270

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
 Had by man-midwifery got wealth and fame: 245
 As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
 The lab'ring wife invokes his surer aid!
 Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
 Who while she guzzles chats the doctor's praise;
 And largely what she wants in words supplies 250
 With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.
 But what a thoughtless animal is man!
 (How very active in his own trepan!)
 For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
 From female mellow praise he takes degrees, 255

Ille, ferunt, (prohibent sed multa opprobria nomen)
 Obstetricis erat functus dum munere, Agyrtæ
 Et famam, et nummos peperit: quasi non memior artis
 Ilithyia suæ? ser opem tu certior, inquit
 Parturiens, vir docte, uxor: recreantur aniles 275
 Multa sæce animi, et media inter pocula, Agyrtæ
 Facta salutiferi resonant: si copia verbis
 Desit, sæundos oculis litat ebria rores
 Ast homo quàm brutum est (prò dii!) sine pectore
 Quàm sibimet promptâ molitur fraude ruinam! 280
 Nam medicorum avidè dum mercenarius aurum
 Appetit, en! pariter doctam sibi vendicat artem
 Syrmate non licito mirantia compita verrens;
 Judice quòd vetulâ medicus sæpe audit, ultrò ille
 E ij

Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
 From saving women falls to killing men
 Another such had left the nation thin,
 In spite of all the children he brought in,
 His pills as thick as hand-grenadoes flew;
 And where they fell as certainly they flew;
 His name struck every where as great a damp
 As Archimedes thro' the Roman camp.
 With this the doctor's pride began to cool,
 For smarting soundly may convince a fool,
 But now repentance came too late for grace,
 And meagre Famine star'd him in the face:

Prodiit et medicus, desertâque arte tuendi
 Uxorum vitas, properat jugulare maritos.
 Huic alter geminus (talis si fortè fuisset
 In terris) sexum jam nostrum abolere nefandis
 Artibus, artis inops valuisset, tot licèt edens
 In lucem natos: telorum haud ferreus imber
 Densior emitti solet, hinc quàm emissâ volabant
 Pharmata, quâque cadunt, similcm traxere ruinam,
 Nec certam minùs, ac quondam sublimis ab arce
 Ille Syracosius Romanis undique castris
 Spargebat geometra; novus vel nomine solo
 Dat stragem medicus: sic deservescere fastus
 Paulatim cepit; stultus sua damna remordent
 Supplicio edoctos tandem: factum dolet; at quid
 Serò dolere juvat, si gratia victa ferendo est,

Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
 But found no husband left to own a child;
 The friends, that got the brats were poison'd too;
 In this sad case what could our vermine do? 271
 Worry'd with debts, and past all hope of bail,
 Th' unhappy'd wretch lies rotting in a jail;
 And there, with basket-alms scarce kept alive,
 Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive. 275.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
 Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!

Jamque oculos si macra Famis turbavit imago? 300
 Sæpius optavit sponfas placare relictas,
 Sed non sponsus erat, proles quem agnoscere posset.
 Ipse etiam cecidit medicinâ extinctus eadem
 Furtivus pater: en! quò nunc se proripit ille
 Accisis pennis, multo et gravis ære, nec usquam 305
 Spes vadis? ergo miser nulli miserabilis imo
 Carcere putrescit, vitam vix asse rogato
 Sustentans, tristisque monet, quæ fata meretur,
 Qui ruit ingenium contra, et temerarius errat.

Illius ipse vicem sincero ex pectore acerbam 310
 Ingemo, qui Laribus durè compressus iniquis
 Prostituit calamos, et conditione malignâ
 Scribendo quæstum meritorius urget, ut actor
 Causarum, non, quid pulchrum, quid turpe, requirit,

But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd, heirs, 285
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse;
 'Tis very dang'rous tamp'ring with a Muse;
 The profit 's small, and you have much to lose; 289
 For tho' true wit adorns your birth or place,
 Degen'rate lines degrade th' attainted race;
 No poet any passion can excite
 But what they feel transport them when they write.

At, dictante gulâ, rapit imperiosior auri, 315
 Majestas cum voce fidem: sed vos, quibus ingens
 Luxuries rerum, patriæ quos cuncta salutis
 Consecrare decet, vos, Pompiliana propago,
 Ne vanæ illecebræ captent, et pectora fallant;
 Namque malis simul, et locupletibus esse poetis 320
 Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ
 Extremum discrimen adis, illudere dives
 Qui chartis audes; nimis alea luditur impar
 Hæc tibi: committis totum, dum quærere pauca
 Vix tandem poteris sudans. Feliciter ortus 325
 Quamvis fortè tuos cognatæ carmina venæ
 Illustrent, clarum insciunt tibi sterna vicissim
 Degeneres versus, ultrò accersitus et error.
 Jam frustra stimulis animum mihi tangis inestem,
 Scribentis nisi mens affectibus æstuat insidem, 330
 Ni rabie fera corda tument, et sanguinis undis

Have you been led thro' the Cumæan cave, 290
 And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
 I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
 And panting, "Lo! the god, the god!" she cries;
 With words not her's, and more than human sound,
 She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling thro'
 the ground. 295

But tho' we must obey when Heav'n commands,
 And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
 Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
 For ten inspir'd ten thousand are possess'd.
 Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
 And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.

Tūc per Euboicæ deductus virginis antrum
 Sensisti vatē violento numine ferri,
 Cū Phœbi impatiens bacchatur? Ego audio, circū
 Disiectos ego cerno oculos, et pectus anhelum, 335
 "Et deus, ecce deus!" clamat: jam non sua verba,
 Nec mortale sonant, pallentes undique manes
 Elicit, æque inis trepidos jubet ire sepulcris.
 His licet imperiis parendum haud mollibus ultrò est,
 Atque hominēs magnum furiato corde laborant 340
 Excussisse Deum frustra; at qui sæviat intus
 Spiritus, intererit multū; fortè unus, et alter
 Phœbo agitur, falsis dum mille furoribus acti.
 Affectu sic, si sapiēs, utroque fruaris
 Pectoris, extremo licet hinc, atque inde remoto, 345

As when the cheerful hours too freely pass, or well
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
 Thro' ev'ry swelling vein a loud retreat;
 So when a Muse propitiously invires;
 Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
 But when you find that vig'rous heat abate,
 Leave off, and for another summons wait
 Before the radiant sun a glimm'ring lamp;
 Adult'rate metals to the sterling stamp,
 Appear not meaner than mere human lines
 Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:

Bile canens calidâ, frigenti carmina limans.
 Ut nimis illa volant celeri cûm tempora lapsus
 Plena coronato rident ubi spumea Baccho
 Pocula, dant monitus venæ, motuque frequenti
 Subsultant, canit et toto tuba corde recessum
 Musa ubi te auspiciis, pronisque furoribus urget,
 Utere muneribus, nec celsa sub astra volatus
 Compesce ardentes, sed cûm tibi deficit ardor
 Pectoris, inceptos præfens in tempus iambos
 Deponas, meliora et te ad momenta reserves
 Non magis ad Phœbi radiatum lumen hebescit
 Fax tremulum splendens, aut distant ære lupini,
 Quàm sonat humanâ carmen triviale moneta
 Percussum, si divinis componitur inde
 Carminibus, verum quæ spirant enthea Phœbum.

These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
There cold salutes, but here a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide
With foaming waves the passive Soane divide,
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to license by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
Which scorns to take it—
Absurd expressions, crude abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,

Hic vires, animique, ibi stagnat frigidus humor,
Aut natat in labris delumbis, ut oscula libat
Casta parens puero: sed in his furor omnis amantum.
Haud aliter quondam magno cum murmure vidi
Per medium ire Ararim, et tacitum distinguere flumen
Æstu præcipiti Rhodanum: stagnantibus undis
Miratur patiens Araris, dum spumeus amnis
Urget iter, fervensque fretis petit æquora torrens.

Libertas, præsei tibi quam arripuere poetas,
(Nomine jam nimium quæ dicta licentia iusto)
Famæ securo scriptori propria soli est,
Quam parce veniam tamen is, sumetque pudenter.
Absurdi sensus, eruda, imperfectaque vocum
Progenies, malè nata cohors, et Apolline lævo
Affectare proterva diem, se hoc jure tueretur:

Base fugitives to that asylum fly, lod
 And sacred laws with insolence defy.
 Not thus our heroes of the former days
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
 For I mistake, or far the greatest part
 Of what some call neglect was study'd art.
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
 'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
 To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight
 To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
 I lose my patience when with saucy pride
 By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.

Defendit numerus quia scilicet improbus, et plebs, H
 Jam Phœbum impune, et ridet Parnassia jura. A
 Non sic heroes, quos sacra priora tulerunt, q
 Æternum virides lauros fecere metendo. H
 Fallor enim, vel quæ multis incuria visa est, ibam 380
 Artis opus summum fuit; ut cum forte videtur
 Ludere Virgilius vulgari in carmine, signum hoc
 Præmittit, jubet huc totas intendere curas;
 Huc geminas acies, oculo surgentis ut acri stodi. I
 Infolitos valeas nixus æquare sequendo. misj enim 385
 Ast ego jam belli non impero, nam quis iniqui
 Tam patiens fastus, quis ferreus, ut teneat se? misj
 Omnia jam sunt præpostera: quippe ubi sanie totid A
 Plebs rationis inops, imitatrix turba novorum, 390
 Improbæ sollicitat divini scripta Maronis: q

Reverse of Nature! shall such copies then, and W
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen, and W
And the rude notions of pedantic schools, and W
Blasphe me the sacred founder of our rules, and W

The delicacy of the nicest ear, and W
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there, and W
Sublime or low, unbended or intense, and W
The sound is still a comment to the sense, and W

A skilful ear in numbers should preside, and W
And all disputes without appeal decide, and W
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found, and W
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound, and W

Cum sacrum exemplar, leges qui condidit ipse, qui
Ad trutinam revocant tyrones lege soluti;
Et præductæ melos, statuit quod maximus auctor,
Vocibus, et lingua violat schola rauca profana.

Cuncta licet iudex digitis, et callidus aures
Suspendat, nihil hæc durum reprehendere possit,
Nil incompositum; siue is sublimia tentat,
Seu modò deductus, lenis, seu tensus, et æcer,
Ipse aperit sensum sonus, et commendat in aurem.

De numeris litem dirimat solertior aures,
Judiciumque ista ferat irrevocabile causæ,
Illud Roma vetus, seniores illud Athenæ
Expertæ, cum non titubarent carmina punctis
Pravè dispositis, quæ contiguos male sensus,
Nativosque sonos intempestiva premebant.

When, by impulse from Heav'n, Tyrtæus sung,
 In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
 Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd;
 And what two gen'als lost a poet gain'd.
 By secret influence of indulgent Skies
 Empire and poetry together rise.
 True poets are the guardians of a state;
 And when they fail portend approaching fate;
 For that which Rome to conquest did inspire
 Was not the Vestal but the Muses' fire;
 Heav'n joins the blessings: no declining age
 Ere felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Impellente Deo cecinit cum carmina quondam
 Tyrtæus, subit nova victi pectora virtus
 Militis, immotam in medio se turbine belli
 Sparta reviviscens tenuit, vatesque redemit
 Unicus a gemino amissos ductore triumphos.
 Sic arcana jubet placidi indulgentia Fatis,
 Surgat ut imperium, surgit cum dia poësis.
 Regnorum servant sacro sub pectore vates
 Palladium, pariterque ruunt cum vatibus illa,
 Aut nutant ruitura brevi: qui subdidit olim
 Romæ animi vires, tantoque accendit amore
 Lauri, non Vestalis erat, sed Delius ignis.
 Munera conjungunt Superi; vergentia sæcla
 Gaudia Pierii nunquam sensere furoris.

Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,
For that in Greece or Rome was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown;
Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invader's way.

365

I grant that from some mossy idol oak,
In double rhymes, our Thor and Woden spoke,
And by succession of unlearned times,
As Bards began, so Monks rung on the chimes.

370

But now that Phoebus and the sacred Nine,
With all their beams, on our blest'd island shine,

Fortè mali caput est dominans sub fine sonorum
Rhythmus; qui rhythmo paret, meliora relinquit
Turpe jugum subiens; Latium hunc, nec Græcia nôrat,
Diluvies prius in linguas quàm fluxerat ambas
Barbara; cùm victi tandem cessère, suasque
Mutavère vias victoris jura sequuti.

425

Muscosâ, fateor, Vodinus ab ilice noster,
Et Thorus pede bis percussio oracula fudit
Auribus ingeminans agrestibus: hinc mala porro
Fluxit in ætatem obscuram prurigo sonandi,
Pulsâruntque greges Monachorum, Helicone relicto,
Pulsârant primi quæ tintinnabula Bardi.

431

At cùm Castalides Divæ, et Thymbraeus Apollo
Jam pleno Britonum redeuntes lumine terras

F

Why should not we their ancient rites restore, 10
And be what Rome or Athens were before? 375

“Have we forgot how Raphael’s num’rous prose
“Led our exalted souls thro’ heav’nly camps,
“And mark’d the ground where proud apostate
“Defy’d Jehovah! Here ’twixt host and host, [thrones
“(A narrow but a dreadful interval!) 380
“Portentous sight! before the cloudy van
“Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc’d,
“Came tow’ring arm’d in adamant and gold
“There bellowing engines with their fiery tubes
“Dispers’d ethereal forms, and down they fell 385

*Illustrant, liceat Phœbi, ritusque Sororum
Instaurare, iterum hic Roma, atque legantur Athenæ.*

“Ergone Miltoni numerosa oratio lapsa est 436
“Pectoribus, nostras cum per cœlestia castra
“Sublimes animas rapuit, campumque notavit,
“Quò demente tumens fastu, procerumque rebellis
“Explicuit se multa cohors, ipsamque Tonantem
“Solicitare ausa est armis! hic inter utramque 441
“Ecce laciem (horrendum visu, breve at intervallum)
“Arduus, arma tenens nimbosâ in fronte phalangum
“Lucifer exultat, saltuque ingente superbus
“Prorumpit rapide, galeâ spectabilis aureâ,
“Munitusque humeros latos solido adamante,
“Rauco illic fremitu tormenta vomentia flammam
“Ætherias sternunt formas, et turbine vasto

* An essay on blank verse out of *Paradise Lost*, Book VI.

" By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd; 111 T
 " Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew, [woods]
 " Which (with their pond'rous load, rocks, waters,
 " From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops 389
 " They bore like shields before them thro' the air,
 " Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes.
 " All was confusion, heav'n's foundations shook,
 " Threat'ning no less than universal wreck, all but A
 " For Michael's arm main promontories flung, 11 W
 " And over-press'd whole legions weak with sin: 395
 " Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay, A

" Undique cernere erat magni per inania cœli
 " Agmina mille simul super agmina mille voluta 450
 " Ut rediêre animi, colles petiêre volatu magis T
 " Præcipiti, subito quos ex radicibus altis, 1001 U
 " Rupesque, fluviosque, immensa que pondera, sylvas,
 " Avellunt unâ, latêque per aëra torquent 1001 M
 " Proclýpcis, vel cùm rabies magis arsit, in hostem
 " Ipsas vi rapidâ ex alto misère ruinâs. et idem 456
 " Jam chaos omnia erant; totus fundamine ab ipso
 " Æther contremuit, dirum promittere visus all. T
 " Naturæ exitium: Michæel nam sedibus imis 1001 T
 " Tota vibrat solus jam promontoria dextrâ 1001 460
 " Extorquens, totas vitiis, et crinifera fractas 1001 461
 " Obruit ille acies, sed nec spirare superbi 1001 462
 " Cessavêre minas, et adhuc fremuêre jacentes; 1001 463
 " 374. sicut audistis non audistis, sic Eijshelm tolle

" Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
 " And, arm'd with vengeance, God's victorious Son
 " (Effulgence of paternal Deity)
 " Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
 " Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
 " And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.
 O may I live to hail the glorious day,
 And sing loud Pæans thro' the crowded way,
 When in triumphant state the British Muse,
 True to herself, shall barb'rous aid refuse,
 And in the Roman majesty appear,
 Which none know better, and none come so near.

" Dum Christi effulgens vexillum apparuit altè,
 " Ingens, terribilique incumbens hostibus umbrâ,
 " Ultricemque ferens Pænam invictissima proles
 " Numinis æterni (quantum Patris instar in ipso!)
 " Miscet agens telis, et vivo sulphure fixos
 " Dextrâ præcipitans barathrum deturbat ad imum.
 O! mihi tam longæ superet pars ultima vitæ,
 Spiritus, et quantum sat erit plaudentibus inter
 Esse, triumphali cum Musa Britannica pompâ
 Per densas hominum læto Pæane catervas
 Procedet verâ facie, non barbara cultu,
 Ipsa suis opibus pollens, atque æmula Romæ,
 Majestate pari, et nativo lumine fulgens,
 Juncta duci, claudensque latus, quam nulla recēntū
 Callet Musa magis, sequitur nec passibus æquis.

THE DREAM.

To the pale tyrant who to horrid graves
 Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
 Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare,
 Who, tho' his victories as num'rous are,
 Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,
 But woful cares that lead men while they wake,
 When his soft charms had eas'd my weary sight
 Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
 Dorinda came, divested of the scorn
 Which the unequall'd maid so long had worn;
 How oft, in vain, had Love's great god essay'd
 To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!
 Yet, spite of all the pride that swells her mind,
 The humble god of Sleep can make her kind.
 A rising blush increas'd the native store
 Of charms that but too fatal were before;
 Once more present the vision to my view,
 The sweet illusion, gentle Fate! renew;
 How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!
 Shew me, blest'd god of Sleep! and let me die.

THE GHOST

OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS TO THE NEW ONE,

Appointed to meet at Oxford.

FROM deepest dungeons of eternal night;
 The seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains, and Spite,
 I have been sent to tell you, tender youth!
 A seasonable and important truth.
 I feel (but, oh! too late) that no disease
 Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease;
 And of all others the most tempting things
 Are too much wealth and too indulgent kings.
 None ever was superlatively ill
 But by degrees, with industry and skill;
 And some, whose meaning hath at first been fair,
 Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
 My time is past, and yours will soon begin;
 Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin,
 And by the fate of my tumultuous ways
 Preserve yourselves, and bring serenest days,
 The busy, subtle, serpents of the law,
 Did first my mind from true obedience draw.
 While I did limits to the king prescribe,
 And took for oracles that canting tribe,
 I chang'd true freedom for the name of Free,
 And grew seditious for variety:

All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd;
 And by the laws illegally abus'd;
 The robe was summon'd, Maynard in the head,
 In legal murder none so deeply read;
 I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
 Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
 Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
 With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
 Pris'ners and witnesses were waiting by,
 These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
 And to expect their arbitrary fates,
 Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
 To fright the people, and alarm the Town,
 Bedloe and Oates employ'd the rev'rend gown;
 But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
 The king's Three Crowns were their rebellious aim:
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
 And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards,
 Anti-monarchic Heretics of state,
 Immoral Atheists, rich and reprobate;
 But above all I got a little guide
 Who ev'ry ford of villany had try'd;
 None knew so well the old pernicious way
 To ruin subjects, and make kings obey;
 And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,
 Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight;
 This the king knew; and was resolv'd to bear,
 But I mislook his patience for his fear.

All that this happy island could afford
 Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board;
 In his whole paradise one only tree
 He had excepted by a strict decree
 A sacred tree! which royal fruit did bear,
 Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear:
 Beware, my Child! divinity is there.
 This so undid all I had done before,
 I could attempt and he endure no more;
 My unprepar'd and unrepenting breath
 Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of Death,
 And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
 To th' utter darkness of the lower world;
 A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,
 If you believe seducers more than me.

ROSS'S GHOST.

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,
 Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;
 Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
 To knaves a fool, to cred'ulous fools a knave;
 The king's betrayer, and the people's slave;
 Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call
 I rise, to tell thee God has left thee, Saul;
 I strove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
 Streams will run muddy where the spring's impure.

In all your meritorious life we see
 Old Taaf's invincible sobriety,
 Places of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
 You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply;
 From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring;
 You show us all your parents but the king,
 From whose too tender and too bounteous arms
 (Unhappy he who such a viper warms
 As dutiful a subject as a son!)
 To your true parent, the whole Town, you run.
 Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell,
 Outdo his pride, and merit more than hell;
 Both he and you were glorious and bright,
 The first and fairest of the sons of light;
 But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
 Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

A PARAPHRASE ON PS. CXLVIII.

O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!

The world's transparent canopy,
Break your long silence, and let mortals know
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the god of War, 5
Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
Let echoing anthems make his praises known
On earth his footstool, as in heav'n his throne.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day;
O praise his name! without whose purer light
Thou hadst been hid in an abyfs of night.

Ye Moon and Planets! who dispense
By God's command your influence;
Resign to him, as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you!

Fairest, as well as first, of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty, springs,
O! praise th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praise him ye loud harmonious Spheres!
Whose sacred stamp all Nature bears;
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whose command is th' universal law.

Ye wat'ry Mountains of the sky,
And you so far above our eye,
Vast ever-moving Orbs! exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye Dragons! whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of Death,

Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye Monsters of the deep!
That in the seas' vast bosoms sleep,

At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye Mists and Vapours, Hail and Snow!
And you who thro' the concave blow,

Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and Tempests! praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains! who to your Maker's view
Seem less than molehills do to you,

Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
All heav'n was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him, sweet Offspring of the ground,
With heav'nly nectar yearly crown'd!

And ye tall Cedars! celebrate his praise,
That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle Musicians of the spring,
Whose only care 's to love and sing,

Fly thro' the world, and let your trembling throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious Beast
That on his stores do daily feast!
And you tame Slaves of the laborious plow, 55
Your weary knees to your Creator bow:

Majestic Monarchs, mortal gods!
Whose pow'r hath here no periods;
May all attempts against your crowns be vain!
But still remember by whose pow'r you reign. 60

Let the wide world his praises sing
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows. 65

You that dispose of all our lives,
Praise him from whom your pow'r derives;
Be true and just like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword. 70

Praise him old Monuments of time!
O praise him in your youthful prime!
Praise him, fair Idols of our greedy sense!
Exalt his name, sweet age of Innocence! 75

Jehovah's name shall only last
When heav'n, and earth, and all is past: 80

Nothing, great God! is to be found in thee 75
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race!
The God of gods, the God of grace!
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with his glory recompense your praise. 80

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities;
With pity mov'd for others, cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them tost
On rocks of folly, and of vice I see them lost:
Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men or adverse Fate,
Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state: 10
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
Whilst Virtue courts them, but, alas! in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease, 15
They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate
please.

II.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul;
 It is by thee I truly live;
 Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give;
 Dost each unruly appetite control;
 Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
 With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
 Presuming Love does ne'er invade
 This private solitary shade;
 And, with fantastic wounds by Beauty made, 25
 The joy has no allay of jealousy, hope, and fear,
 The solid comforts of this happy sphere:
 Yet I exalted love admire,
 Friendship abhorring sordid gain,
 And purify'd from lust's dishonest stain: 30
 Nor is it for my Solitude unfit,
 For I am with my friend alone,
 As if we were but one;
 'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
 But friendship does two souls in one comprise. 35

III.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
 All blessings man can hope to know;
 Here in a deep recess of thought we find
 Pleasures which entertain and which exalt the mind;
 Pleasures which do from friendship and from know-
 ledge rise, 40
 Which make us happy, as they make us wise:

Here may I always on this downy grass,
 Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass,
 Till with a gentle force victorious Death
 My Solitude invade, 45
 And, stopping for a while my breath,
 With ease convey me to a better shade. 47

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

Thou, happy Creature! art secure
 From all the torments we endure;
 Despair, ambition, jealousy,
 Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee;
 A fullen prudence drew thee hence
 From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
 Tho' life essay'd the surest wile,
 Gilding itself with Laura's smile,
 How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,
 Thou who couldst break from Laura's arms! 10
 Poor Cynic! still methinks I hear
 Thy awful murmurs in my ear,
 As when on Laura's lap you lay,
 Chiding the worthless crowd away.
 How fondly human passions turn!
 What we then envy'd now we mourn! 16

ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day!
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
 As David and the Sibyls say.

II.

What horror will invade the mind
 When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
 Shall have few venial faults to find!

III.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
 Shall thro' the rending tombs rebound,
 And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
 Behold the pale offender rise,
 And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
 The sacred mystic book be read,
 To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful throne;
 He makes each secret sin be known;
 And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! what int'rest shall I make
To save my last important stake;
When the most just have cause to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty formidable King!
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring!
Some comfortable pity bring.

IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost;
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

X.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting-day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep : accept my tears.

XIII.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy pray'r; 40
 Preserve me from that dang'rous snare
 Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted soul a place
 Among thy chosen right-hand race,
 The sons of God, and heirs of grace. 45

XVI.

From that insatiable abyfs,
 Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
 Promote me to thy seat of blifs.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
 My God! my Father! and my Friend! 50
 Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath
 Who rise to a reviving death;
 Thou! great Creator of mankind!
 Let guilty man compassion find. 55

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death
 Our state no alteration knows,
 But when we have resign'd our breath
 Th' immortal spirit goes
 To endless joys or everlasting woes;
 Wise is that man who labours to secure
 That mighty and important stake,
 And by all methods strives to make
 His passage safe, and his reception sure,
 Merely to die no man of reason fears,
 For certainly we must,
 As we are born, return to dust;
 'Tis the last point of many ling'ring years;
 But whither then we go,
 Whither we fain would know,
 But human understanding cannot show;
 This makes us tremble, and creates
 Strange apprehensions in the mind,
 Fills it with restless doubts and wild debates,
 Concerning what we, living, cannot find.
 None know what death is but the dead,
 Therefore we all by nature dying dread,
 As a strange doubtful way we know not how to tread.

II.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
 And scarce have one black painful hour to live, 25
 No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve
 To stop our speedy passage to the tomb,
 How moving and how mournful is the sight!
 How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!
 Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had 30
 In the dark minutes of the dreadful night
 To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?
 Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,
 Despairing to recover, void of rest,
 Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die; 35
 Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
 With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

III.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat;
 Faint and irregular the pulses beat;
 The blood unactive grows, 40
 And thickens as it flows,
 Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.
 Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
 Their lights just going out,
 And for some kind assistance call; 45
 But pity, useless pity, is all
 Our weeping friends can give
 Or we receive;
 Tho' their desires are great their pow'rs are small.

The tongue's unable to declare
 The pains, the griefs, the miseries, we bear.
 How insupportable our torments are!
 Music no more delights our deaf'ning ears,
 Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears,
 But all is melancholy, all is sad,
 In robes of deepest mourning clad;
 For ev'ry faculty and ev'ry sense
 Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

IV.

Then we are sensible too late
 'Tis no advantage to be rich or great;
 For all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state
 No consolation brings;
 Riches and honours then are useless things,
 Tasteless or bitter all,
 And like the book which the Apostle ate,
 To their ill-judging palate sweet,
 But turn at last to nauseousness and gall!
 Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer
 But the remembrance of good actions past:
 Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,
 And make pale Death less terrible appear;
 Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear,
 In the dark antichamber of the grave
 What would we give, even all we have,
 All that our care and industry had gain'd,
 All that our fraud, our policy, or art, obtain'd,

Could we recall those fatal hours again,
Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
Ambitious follies and luxurious ease; 79
For then they urge our terrors, and increase our pain.

V.

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,
Dissolv'd in tears to see us die,
And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity,
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their sorrows cannot ours relieve. 85

They pity our deplorable estate,
But what, alas! can pity do
To soften the decrees of Fate?
Besides the sentence is irrevocable too.
All their endeavours to preserve our breath, 90

Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,
Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of Death.
Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed;

One, with officious haste, 95
Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;

Another softly raises up our head,
This wipes away the sweat, that, sighing, cries,

"See what convulsions, what strong agonies,

"Both soul and body undergo! 100

"His pains no intermission know;

"For ev'ry gasp of air he draws returns in sighs."

Each would his kind assistance lend
To serve his dear relation or his dearer friend;
But still in vain with Destiny they all contend. 105

VI.

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his and cries, "Adieu!

"Adieu, my Child! now I must follow you;"

Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our sons, who in their tender years 110

Were objects of our cares and of our fears,

Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,

"Bless us, O Father! now before you die;

"Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity!"

Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love, 115

Compassionate and kind,

Cries, "Will you leave me here behind?

"Without me fly to the bless'd seats above?

"Without me did I say? Ah! no;

"Without thy friend thou can'st not go: 120

"For tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling here below,

"My soul with thee shall upward fly,

"And bear thy spirit company

"Thro' the bright passage of the yielding sky.

"Ev'n Death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be

"Incapable to separate 126

"(For 't is not in the pow'r of Fate)

"My friend, my best, my dearest, friend and me.

" But since it must be so, farewell!
 " For ever? No; for we shall meet again;
 " And live like gods, tho' now we die like men,
 " In the eternal regions where just spirits dwell."

VII.

The soul, unable longer to maintain
 The fruitless and unequal strife,
 Finding her weak endeavours vain
 To keep the counterscarp of life,
 By slow degrees retires more near the heart,
 And fortifies that little fort
 With all the kind artilleries of art,
 Botanic legions guarding ev'ry port:
 But Death, whose arms no mortal can repel,
 A formal siege disdains to lay,
 Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
 And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.
 Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
 Pretends to make a solid peace;
 But 't is all sham, all artifice,
 That we may negligent and careless be;
 For if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
 And we believe no danger near,
 But all is peaceable and all is clear,
 His troops return some unsuspected way:
 While in the soft embrace of Sleep we lie
 The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our first parents' fall
 Inevitable Death descends on all,
 A portion none of human race can miss;
 But that which makes it sweet or bitter is
 The fears of misery or certain hope of bliss:
 For when th' impenitent and wicked die,
 Loaded with crimes and infamy,
 If any sense at that sad time remains,
 They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains,
 The earnest of that vast stupendous woe
 Which they to all eternity must undergo,
 Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.
 Infernal spirits hover in the air
 Like ravenous wolves to seize upon their prey,
 And hurry the departed souls away
 To the dark receptacles of Despair,
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous day
 When the loud trumpet calls them to appear
 Before a Judge most terrible and most severe,
 By whose just sentence they must go
 To everlasting pains and endless woe,
 Which always are extreme, and always will be so.

VIII.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,
 Unspotted, regular, and free
 From all the ugly stains of lust and villany,
 Of mercy and of pardon sure,

Looks thro' the darkness of the gloomy night;
 And sees the dawning of a glorious day;
 Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
 His soul, whene'er she takes her flight,
 To the surprising mansions of immortal light: 185
 Then the celestial guards around him stand,
 Nor suffer the black demons of the air
 T' oppose his passage to the Promis'd Land,
 Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair,
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair. 190
 His pray'rs, his charity, his virtues press
 To plead for mercy when he wants it most,
 Not one of all the happy number's lost;
 And those bright advocates ne'er want success.
 But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortality, 195
 She passes up in triumph thro' the sky,
 Where she's united to a glorious throng
 Of angels, who, with a celestial song,
 Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

IX.

If therefore all must quit the stage,
 When, or how soon, we cannot know,
 But, late or early, we are sure to go
 In the fresh blood of youth or wither'd age,
 We cannot take too sedulous a care
 In this important grand affair; 205
 For as we die we must remain;

Hereafter all our hopes are vain
 To make our peace with Heav'n, or to return again.
 The Heathen, who no better understood
 Than what the light of Nature taught, declar'd 210
 No future miseries could be prepar'd
 For the sincere, the merciful, the good;
 But if there was a state of rest,
 They should with the same happiness be bless'd
 As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possess'd.
 We have the promise of eternal Truth 216
 Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
 To man and to their Maker true,
 Let them expire in age or youth
 Can never miss 220
 Their way to everlasting bliss;
 But from a world of misery and care
 To mansions of eternal ease repair,
 Where joy in full perfection flows,
 No interruption, no cessation, knows,
 But in a mighty circle round for ever goes. 226

MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BEGONE, you slaves! you idle vermine! go,
 Fly from the scourges, and your master know;
 Let free impartial men from Dryden learn
 Mysterious secrets of a high concern,

And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
 Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence,
 What can you (Rev'rend Levi!) here take ill?
 Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
 He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
 Must be an angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
 And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,
 Our sects a more tyrannic pow'r assume,
 And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;
 That church detain'd the legacy divine;
 Fanatics cast the pearls of Heav'n to swine;
 What then have honest thinking men to do
 But chuse a mean between th' usurping two?

Nor can th' Egyptian Patriarch blame my Musa,
 Which for his firmness does his heat excuse;
 Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
 The preface, sure, was his own act and deed;
 Our church will have that preface read, you'll say;
 'Tis true, but so she will th' Apocrypha,
 And such as can believe them freely may. 25

But did that God, (so little understood)
 Whose darling attribute is being good,
 From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
 Such various creatures, and make man their king,
 Yet leave his fav'rite man, his chiefest care,
 More wretched than the vilest insects are;

Of how much happier and more safe are they?

If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey

To yelling Furies, and for ever burn

In that sad place from whence is no return,

35

For unbelief in one they never knew,

Or for not doing what they could not do!

The very fiends know for what crime they fall,

(And so do all their foll'wers that rebel);

If then a blind well-meaning Indian stray,

40

Shall the great gulf be show'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,

Or the fall'n angels' rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That Christ, who at the great deciding day

(For he declares what he resolves to say)

45

Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,

And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,

Hath too much mercy to send men to hell

For humble charity and hoping well.

To what stupidity are zealots grown,

50

Whose inhumanity profusely shown,

In damning crowds of souls may damn their own.

I'll err at least on the securer side,

A convert free from malice and from pride.

54

Hij

THE PRAYER OF JEREMIAH

PARAPHRASED.

Propbetically representing the passionate grief of the Jewish people for the loss of their town and sanctuary.

I.

STAND, sun of Justice! sov'reign God Most High!
In Libra fix thy bench of equity,
And weigh our case—
Look down on earth, nay look as low again
As we're inferior to the rest of men;
We wretched, once like thy archangels bright,
Are cast down headlong with diminish'd light:
So meteors fall, and as they downwards fly
Leave a long train of less'ning light and die.

II.

Then let that other smoother face of thine,
The sun of Justice, take its turn and shine;
If not alone, at least to mix allays,
And streak thy justice with alternate rays,
To see and pity our distress; for, oh!
As thou'rt exalted our condition's low.

III.

Houses, estates, our temple, and our town,
Which God and birthright long had made our own,
To barb'rous nations now are fall'n a prey,
And we from all we love are torn away.
Thus, early orphans whilst our fathers live,
We know no comfort, they no comfort give:

Our mothers are but widows under chains
 Of wedlock, and of all their nuptial gains
 None of the mother but the pangs remains,
 Farnish'd with want, we wilds and deserts tread, 25
 And, fainting, wander for our needful bread
 Where wolves and tigers round in ambush lie,
 And hosts with naked swords stand threat'ning by;
 But keener hunger, more a beast of prey,
 More sharp than these, more ravenous than they, }
 Thro' swords, and wolves, and tigers, breaks our }
 IV. (bitter way.

The fowls, and beasts, and ev'ry sylvan kind, 32
 Down to the meanest insects, Heav'n design'd
 To be the slaves of man, were always free
 Of waters, woods, and common air, but we, 35
 We slaves, and beasts, and more than insects vile,
 That half-born wanton on the banks of Nile,
 Are glad to buy the leavings they can spare
 Of waters, woods, and the more common air.

V.
 With loads of chains our foes pursue their stroke, 40
 And lug our aching necks beneath their yoke:
 No intermission gives the weary breath,
 But endless drudging drags us on to death.
 Our cries ascend, and like a trumpet blow,
 All Egypt and Assyria hear our woe: 45
 Here nights we labour, there whole days we sweat,
 And barely earn the heartless bread we eat.

VI.

Our old forefathers sinn'd, and are no more;
 They pawn'd their children to defray their score.
 O happy they! by death from suff'ring freed,
 But all our fathers' scourges lash their seed.
 Vengeance, at which great Sion's entrails shakes,
 Shoots thro' the inmost of the soul, and rakes
 Where pride lurks deepest, there we feel our pain,
 Our slaves are masters, and our menials reign;
 Whilst we, unrescu'd, send our cries around
 To seek relief, but no relief is found.

VII.

Look on our cheeks, and in each furrow trace
 A storm of famine driving on our face;
 The scorching tempest lets its fury go,
 And pours upon us in a burst of woe!
 The signs of conscious guilt our brows impart,
 Black as our sin, and harden'd as our heart.

VIII.

From Sion's Mount the humble matrons cry,
 With mournful echoes Judah's maids reply;
 Our great ones fall beneath their sweeping hand,
 Ev'n venerable Age cannot withstand
 Their impious scoffs; our youth, in bloomy prime
 Compell'd, submit to their indecent crime,
 And children, 'whelm'd with labour, fall before
 their time.
 Thus prince and people, infancy and age,
 Promisc'ous objects of an impious rage,

But serve to haunt us wheresoe'er we go
With horrid scenes of universal woe.

IX.

Old men no more in Sion's council sit, 75
Nor young in consorts of her music meet;
Such foolish change fond profligates devise,
The old turn fingers, and the young advise;
Perverted order to confusion runs,

And all our dwindling music ends in groans. 80
Sion! thy ancient glories are decay'd.
Thy laurels wither, and thy garlands fade;
Oh, Sin! 't is thou hast this destruction made.

X.

'Tis Sion then, 't is Sion we deplore,
For her we grieve, for Sion is no more! 85
Our eyes condole in tears, and jointly smart
With all the anguish of an aching heart;
For who can hold to see the woful sight,
All nations envy and the world's delight!
Now grown a desert where the foxes range, 90
And howling wolves lament the dismal change?

XI.

But thou, unshaken God! shalt ever be
Thy throne stands fast upon eternity;
Then must we thus by thee forsaken lie,
Or, lost for ever, in oblivion die? 95
Turn but to us, O Lord! we'll mend our ways;
Oh! once restore the joys of ancient days:

Ev'n tho' we seem the outcasts of thy care,
 Refuse of death, and gleanings of the war,
 Resume the Father, and let sinners know
 Thy mercy's greater than thy people's woe: 10

SONG.

On a young lady who sung finely, and was afraid of a cold.

WINTER! thy cruelty extend
 Till fatal tempests swell the sea:
 In vain let sinking pilots pray;
 Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
 Let piercing frost and lasting snow 5
 Thro' woods and fields destruction sow!
 Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
 While you these lesser ills create,
 These we can bear; but, gentle Fate!
 And thou, blest'd Genius of our isle! 10
 From Winter's rage defend her voice,
 At which the list'ning gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day
 With ecstacy transport our souls,
 Whilst all our passions it controls, 15
 And kindly drives our cares away!
 Let no ungentle cold destroy
 All taste we have of heav'nly joy! 18

PROLOGUES, &c.

PROLOGUE

TO POMPEY, A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS,

From the French of Monsieur Corneille, and acted at the theatre in Dublin.

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
 Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
 Are now agreed, and make it both their choice
 To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
 Cæsar from none but you will have his doom; 5
 He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome:
 He scorns where once he rul'd now to be try'd,
 And he hath rul'd in all the world beside:
 When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
 Had stain'd with blood, Peace flourish'd in this isle;
 And you alone may boast you never saw
 Cæsar till now, and now can give him law.

Great Pompey, too, comes as a suppliant here,
 But says he cannot now begin to fear:
 He knows your equal justice, and (to tell 15
 A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.

Success, 't is true, waited on Cæsar's side,
 But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
 His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
 Chang'd his condition but not Cato's mind. 20
 Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,
 Since here so many Catos judging sit?

But you, bright Nymphs! give Cæsar leave to woo
 The greatest wonder of the world but you,
 And hear a Muse who has that hero taught 25
 To speak as gen'rously as e'er he fought,
 Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
 All tongues but English, and all pens but her's.
 By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest!
 You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best. 30

And you (illustrious Sir *!) receive as due
 A present Destiny reserv'd for you:
 Rome, France, and England, join their forces here
 To make a poem worthy of your ear.
 Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow
 Who gave so many crowns bestow one now. 36

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

A PROLOGUE

SPOKEN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF YORK, AT EDINBURGH.

FOLLY and vice are easy to describe,
 The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;
 But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
 All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,
 Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak; 5
 Let England, Flanders, let all Europe, speak;
 Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne
 Was once supported, Sir! by you alone;
 Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
 Yet trusted then with her last desp'rate stake: 10
 When wealthy neighbours strove with us for pow'r,
 Let the sea tell how in their fatal hour,
 Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
 Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
 His name struck fear, his conduct won the day, 15
 He came, he saw, he seiz'd, the struggling prey,
 And while the heav'ns were fire and th' ocean blood,
 Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.

Oh, happy Islands! if you knew your blifs,
 Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his; 20

Express your gratitude the only way,
 And humbly own a debt too vast to pay :
 Let Fame aloud to future ages tell
 None e'er commanded, none obey'd, so well;
 While this high courage, this undaunted mind, 25
 So loyal, so submissively resign'd, THE DUKE OF
 Proclaim that such a hero never springs
 But from the uncorrupted blood of kings. 28

EPILOGUE

TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

When acted in the theatre in Dublin.

You 'ave seen to-night the glory of the East,
 The man who all the then known world possess'd,
 That kings in chains did Son of Ammon call,
 And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall,
 Him Fortune only favour'd for her sport,
 And when his conduct wanted her support
 His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
 Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design,
 Great Charles! whose birth has promis'd milder sway,
 Whose awful nod all nations must obey,
 Secur'd by higher pow'rs, exalted stands
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Those miracles that guard his crowns declare
 That Heav'n has form'd a monarch worth their care,
 Born to advance the loyal, and depose
 His own, his brother's, and his father's, foes.
 Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
 And stopp'd our prince in his triumphant way,
 Fled like a mist before this radiant day.
 So when, in heav'n, the mighty rebels rose,
 Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,
 Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
 God kept the conquest for his best Belov'd;

At sight of such omnipotence they fly
 Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die. 25
 All who before him did ascend the throne
 Labour'd to draw three restiff nations on;
 He boldly drives them forward without pain;
 They hear his voice and straight obey the rein.
 Such terror speaks him destin'd to command; 30
 We worship Jove with thunder in his hand,
 But when his mercy without pow'r appears
 We flight his altars, and neglect our pray'rs.
 How weak in arms did Civil Discord shew
 Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe, 35
 When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
 Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
 Like sons of Earth, all fell as soon as born.
 Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride, 39
 When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
 Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
 Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd. 42

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY*.

Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.

PREFACE.

I HAVE seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader, but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such rules as, if they be observed, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly. But Horace must be read seriously or not at all, for else the reader will not be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus.

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben. Johnson, to which no man pays more veneration than I, it cannot be denied that the constraint of rhyme, and a

* Printed from Dr. Rawlinson's copy, corrected by the Earl of Roscommon's own hand.

literal translation, (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics; but if I durst I would beg them to remember that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best-natured.

HORACE

OF THE ART OF POETRY.

If in a picture, Piso, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts of the most different kinds
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
Trust me that book is as ridiculous
Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and poets have been still allow'd

DE ARTE POETICA LIBER,

AD PISONES.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris: ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Perfimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species: ut nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis

Their pencils and their fancies unconfin'd :
 This privilege we freely give and take;
 But Nature and the common laws of sense
 Forbid to reconcile antipathies,
 Or make a snake engender with a dove, 15
 And hung'ry tigers court the tender lambs.

Some, that at first have promis'd mighty things,
 Applaud themselves when a few florid lines
 Shine thro' th' insipid dulness of the rest;
 Here they describe a temple or a wood, 20
 Or streams that thro' delightful meadows run,
 And there the rainbow or the rapid Rhine;
 But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
 And are as much to seek in other things
 As he that only can design a tree 25

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas. 10
 Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim,
 Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magnâ professis
 Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter 15
 Assuitur pannus: quum lucus, et ara Dianæ
 Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
 Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
 Scis simulare. Quid hoc? si fractis enatat expes 20

Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm
 When you begin with so much pomp and show,
 Why is the end so little and so low?
 Be what you will, so you be still the same.
 Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
 Deluded by a seeming excellence:
 By striving to be short they grow obscure,
 And when they would write smoothly they want
 Their spirits sink; while others, that affect [strength;
 A lofty style, swell to a tympany.
 Some tim'rous wretches start at ev'ry blast,
 And, fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore;
 Others, in love with wild variety,
 Draw boars in waves and dolphins in a wood.
 Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
 Is a most certain way of erring still.

Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora crepit
 Institui; currente rota cur urceus exit?
 Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
 Decipimur specie recti. brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio: sectantem levia, nervi
 Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turgēt:
 Serpit humi totus nimium, timidusque procellæ:
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
 Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
 In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

The meanest workman in th' Æmilian square
 May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
 But cannot finish what he hath begun:
 What can be more ridiculous than he? 45
 For one or two good features in a face,
 Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
 Make it but more remarkably deform'd.
 Let poets match their subject to their strength,
 And often try what weight they can support, 50
 And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.
 After a serious and judicious choice,
 Method and eloquence will never fail:
 As well the force as ornament of verse
 Consist in chusing a fit time for things, 55

Æmilium circalludum faber imus et unguēs
 Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos:
 Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum
 Nesciet. hunc ego me, si quid componere curem, 35
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
 Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.
 Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
 Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
 Quid valeant humeri, cui lecta potenter erit res, 40
 Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
 Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici

And knowing when a Muse may be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen and be plac'd with skill:
You gain your point when by the noble art
Of good connexion an unusual word
Is made at first familiar to our ear;
But if you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be seldom and discreetly done:
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,
As they may seem to flow without constraint.
Can an impartial reader discommend
In Varius or in Virgil what he likes
In Plautus or Cæcilius? Why should I

Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque ferendis:
Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. si fortè necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.
Et nova fistaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus ademptum
Virgilio Varioque? ego, cur acquirere pauca

Be envy'd for the little I invent,
 When Ennius and Cato's copious style
 Have so enrich'd and so adorn'd our tongue?
 Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
 To coin new words well suited to the age.
 Words are like leaves, some wither ev'ry year,
 And ev'ry year a younger race succeeds.
 Death is a tribute all things owe to Fate;
 The Lucrine mole (Cæsar's stupendous work)
 Protects our navies from the raging north;
 And (since Oethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
 We plough and reap where former ages row'd.
 See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
 So often overflow'd the neighb'ring fields)
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,

Si possum, invidior? quum lingua Catonis et Enni
 Sermone patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
 Nomina protulerit? licuit, semperque licebit,
 Signatum præsentis nota procudere nomen.
 Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
 Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
 Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.
 Debemur morti nos, nostraque; sive receptus
 Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,
 Regis opus; sterillive diu palus, aptaque remis,
 Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:
 Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus annis,

Confin'd by our great Emperor's command: yet haA
 Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot; alol, 33131
 Why then should words challenge eternity, adl 2311A
 When greatest men and greatest actions die? del haA
 Use may revive the obsoletest words, 331131 adol 390
 And banish those that now are most in vogue. 331131
 Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech. 331131

Homer first taught the world in epic verse 331131
 To write of great commanders and of kings. 331131
 Elegies were at first design'd for grief, 331131 99
 Tho' now we use them to express our joy; 331131
 But to whose Muse we owe that sort of verse 331131
 Is undecided by the men of skill. 331131

Rage with lambics arm'd Archilochus, 331131
 Numbers for dialogue and action fit, 331131 100

Doctus iter melius, mortalia facta peribunt, 331131
 Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax. 331131
 Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque, 70
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, 331131
 Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi. 331131

Res gestæ regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,
 Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus. 331131
 Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primùm, 331131
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos. 331131 76
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor, 331131
 Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est. 331131

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. 331131

And favourites of the dramatic Muse;
 Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
 Awe's the tumultuous noises of the pit,
 And whose peculiar province is the stage,
 Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
 Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
 Are proper subjects for the lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a Poet's name
 Who neither knows nor would observe a rule,
 And chuses to be ignorant and proud,
 Rather than own his ignorance and learn?
 Let ev'ry thing have its due place and time;

A comic subject loves an humble verse;
 Thyestes forms a low and comic style;

Hunc feci cepere pedem grandæque cothurni, — 80
 Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
 Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque decorum,
 Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
 Et juvenum curas, et libera vira referre. 85

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores
 Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poëta salutor?
 Cur nescire, padens prave, quam discere, malo?

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
 Indignatur item privatis ac prope socco
 Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.
 Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.

Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her voice, 115
 And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail;
 Tragedians, too, lay by their state to grieve;
 Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
 Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
 He that would have spectators share his grief 120
 Must write not only well but movingly,
 And raise men's passions to what height he will.
 We weep and laugh as we see others do;
 He only makes me sad who shews the way,
 And first is sad himself: then, Telephus! 125
 I feel the weight of your calamities,
 And fancy all your miseries my own,
 But if you act them ill I sleep or laugh;

*Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit,
 Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri. 95
 Telephus et Peleus, quum pauper et exul uterque,
 Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba,
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.
 Non satis est pulcra esse poemata: dulcior sunto,
 Et quocumque volent, adianum auditoris agunto:
 Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent. 105
 Humani vultus, si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
 Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata loquêris,
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. tristitia mœstum 105*

Colonus, in Agamemnon, act. 1. v. 111. K ij

Your looks must alter as your subject does,
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe;
 For Nature forms and softens us within,
 And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
 And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,
 And these are all interpreted by speech;
 But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
 Absurd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.
 Observe the characters of those that speak,
 Whether an honest servant or a cheat,
 Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,
 Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,
 Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
 Argives or Thebans, Asians or Greeks.

Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
 Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dicta.
 Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram
 Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit:
 Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.
 Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros:
 Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ
 Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorve virentis agelli,
 Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis,

Follow report, or feign coherent things;
 Describe Achilles as Achilles was, 145
 Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
 Scorning all judges, and all law but arms:
 Medea must be all revenge and blood,
 Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
 Io must wander, and Orestes mourn. 150
 If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
 And bring new characters upon the stage,
 Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
 New subjects are not easily explain'd,
 And you had better chuse a well-known theme 155
 Than trust to an invention of your own;
 For what originally others writ
 May be so well disguis'd and so improv'd,

*Aut famum sequere, aut sibi convenientia fingere
 Scriptor, honoratum si forte reponis Achillem: 120
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
 Sit Medea ferox, invictaque: debilis Ino,
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.*

*Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes 125
 Personam formare novam, servetur ad insum
 Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
 Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in ædus,
 Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus. 130*

That with some justice it may pass for your's; 160
 But then you must not copy trivial things,
 Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
 Nor (as some servile imitators do)
 Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules
 As you must ever slavishly observe,
 Or all the laws of decency renounce. 165
 Begin not as th' old poet after did,
 "Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing."
 In what will all this ostentation end?
 The lab'ring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse:
 How far is this from the Mæonian style?
 "Muse! speak the man who, since the siege of Troy,
 "So many towns, such change of manners; saw."
 One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;

*Publica materies privati juris erit, si
 Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
 Interpres: nec defiliis imitator in arctum,
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.*
*Nec si incipies, ut scriptor Cyclæus olim:
 "Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum."
 Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?
 Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
 Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptæ:
 (Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbem.)*

Contra, in Theophrasti, an Argis.

The other out of smoke brings glorious light; neq;
 And (without raising expectation high) *ex aliq;* 175
 Surprises us with daring miracles, *non ita vultu*
 The bloody Lestrygons, Charybdis' gulfs, *ad id bñ*
 And frighted Greeks, who near the *Ætna* shore;
 Hear Scylla bark and Polyphemus roar *libido vult*
 He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs *quid b* 180
 When he begins to write the Trojan war; *dissoy A*
 Nor, writing the return of Diomed, *ad id bñ*
 Go back as far as Meleager's death: *ad id bñ*
 Nothing is idle; each judicious line *ad id bñ*
 Insensibly acquaints us with the plot; *ad id bñ* 185
 He chuses only what he can improve; *ad id bñ*
 And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd
 That all seems uniform and of a piece. *ad id bñ*
 Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects, *ad id bñ*

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat: ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat:
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdi.
Nec riditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri, 146
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:
Semper ad eventum festinat: et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit: 150
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa renitescet,
Primo ne medium, medico ne discrepet inum.
 Tu, quid ego, et populus metum desideret, audi,

If you intend that he should stay to hear
 The epilogue, and see the curtain fall:
 Mind how our tempers alter in our years,
 And by that rule form all your characters.
 One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go
 Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
 And changes ev'ry hour his wav'ring mind.
 A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke
 Loves horses, hounds, and sport, and exercise,
 Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
 Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
 And make us slaves to interest and pow'r.

Si plausoris egēs aulæa manentis, et usque
 Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat: 155
 Aetatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores:
 Mobilibusque decor naturis dandis et annis.
 Reddere qui vices jam scit puer, et pede certo
 Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
 Colligit, ac ponit temerè et mutatur in horas. 160
 Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis canibusque et aprici gramine campi:
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper:
 Utillum tardus provisor, prodigus æris:
 Sublimis, cupidusque et amata relinquere pernix. 165
 Conversis studiis ætas animusque virilis
 Quærit opes et amicitias, inservit honori:

Old men are only walking hospitals,
 Where all defects and all diseases crowd
 With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
 Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
 Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use,
 Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
 And fond of all the follies of the past:
 Thus all the treasure of our flowing years
 Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
 Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
 Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
 But what we hear moves less than what we see.

Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare labore.
 Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda : vel quod
 Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti :
 Vel quod res omnes timidè gelidèque ministrat,
 Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
 Difficilis, querulus : laudator temporis acti.
 Se puero, censor castigatòrque minorum.
 Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
 Multa recedentes adimunt. ne fortè seniles
 Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
 Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.
 Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
 Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,

Spectators only have their eyes to trust, 110
 But auditors must trust their ears and you; 111
 Yet there are things improper for a scene, 112
 Which men of judgment only will relate. 113
 Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife, 114
 And spill her children's blood; upon the stage; 115
 Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare. 116
 Cadmus and Progné's metamorphosis, 117
 (She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake) 118
 And whatsoever contradicts my sense 119
 I hate to see, and never can believe. 120

Five acts are the just measure of a play. 121
 Never presume to make a god appear 122
 But for a bus'ness worthy of a god; 123
 And in one scene no more than three should speak. 124

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
 Digna geri, promes in scenam: multa que tolles
 Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
 Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
 Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
 Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
 Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
 Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi;
 Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindicæ nodus
 Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

A chorus should supply what action wants,
 And hath a generous and manly part,
 Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
 And strict observance of impartial laws,
 Sobriety, security, and peace,
 And begs the gods, who guide blind Fortune's wheel,
 To raise the wretched and pull down the proud:
 But nothing must be sung between the acts
 But what some way conduces to the plot.

First the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
 (Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
 Was entertainment for the infant stage,
 And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
 Of our well-meaning frugal ancestors;

Actoris partes chorus officiumque virile
 Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
 Quod non proposito conducat et hæreat aptè,
 Ille bonis faveatque, et concilietur amisia
 Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes:
 Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem
 Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis:
 Ille tegat commissa: deosque precetur et oret
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat Fortuna superbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubæque
 Æmula, sed tendis simplexque, foramine paucos
 Aspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, atque arguere
 Nonnam spissa nimis complere sedilia statum;

But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd, 245
 And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
 Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,
 The verse, the music, and the scene, is improv'd;
 For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
 Or men of sense applaud the jests of fools? 250
 Then came rich clothes and graceful action in,
 Then instruments were taught more moving notes,
 And Eloquence with all her pomp and charms
 Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
 As those deliver'd by the Delphic god. 255

The first tragedians found that serious style

Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
 Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coibat.
 Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem
 Latior amplecti murus: vinoque diurno
 Placari genius festis impune diebus,
 Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
 Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum
 Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
 Sic priscae motumque et luxuriam addidit arti
 Tibicen: traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem,
 Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
 Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps:
 Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.
 Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum;

Too grave for their uncultivated age,
 And so brought wild and naked Satyrs in,
 Whose motion, words, and shape, were all a farce,
 (As oft' as decency would give them leave)
 Because the mad ungovernable rout,
 Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
 Lov'd such variety and antic tricks:
 But then they did not wrong themselves so much
 To make a god, a hero, or a king,
 (Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)
 Descend to a mechanic dialect,
 Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high
 With empty sound and airy notions fly;
 For Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
 To the low mimic follies of a farce,

Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, et asper
 Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quod
 Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus
 Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.
 Verum ita riores, ita commendare dicaces
 Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo:
 Ne, quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas
 Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.
 Effutire leves indigna Tragedia versus:
 Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,

As a grave matron would to dance with girls;
 You must not think that a satiric style
 Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
 Or the confounding of your characters;
 275 Begin with truth, then give invention scope;
 And if your style be natural and smooth;
 All men will try, and hope to write as well;
 And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
 So much good method and connexion may
 280 Improve (the common and the plainest things).
 A Satyr that comes staring from the woods
 Must not at first speak like an orator;
 But tho' his language should not be refin'd,

Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
 Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solum,
 Verbaque, Pisones, satyrarum scriptor amabo: 235
 Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
 Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, et audax
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum:
 An custos famulusque dei Silenus alumni.
 Ex noto fictum carmen sequar: ut sibi quisvis 240
 Speret idem: fudet multum, frustra que laboret
 Ausus idem, tantum series juncturaque pollet,
 Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris,
 Sylvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
 Ne, velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses, 245
 Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,

It must not be obscene and impudent; 285
 The better sort abhors scurrility,
 And often censures what the rabble likes.
 Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
 And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
 But then to write at a loose rambling rate, 290
 In hope the world will wink at all our faults,

Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.
 Offenduntur enim quibus est equus et pater et res:
 Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona: 250
 Syllaba longa breva subjecta, vocatur iambus,
 Pes citus; unde etiam trimetris accrescere iussit
 Nomen iambis: quum senos redderet ictus,
 Primus ad extremum similis sibi non ita pridem,
 Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures, 255
 Spondeos stabiles in iura paterna recepit
 Commodus et patiens: non ut de sede secunda
 Cederet aut quarta socialiter. hic et in Acci
 Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Enni.
 In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus, 260
 Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
 Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
 Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex:
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.
 Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes 265
 Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus et intra

Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence
 As men may pardon, but will never praise.
 Be perfect in the Greek originals;
 Read them by day, and think of them by night. 295
 But Plautus was admir'd in former time
 With too much patience, (not to call it worse)
 His harsh unequal verse was music then;
 And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Thespis first expos'd the Tragic Muse, 300
 Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene;
 Where ghastly faces, stain'd with lees of wine,
 Frighted the children and amus'd the crowd;
 This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
 And built a stage, found out a decent dress, 305

Spem veniæ cautus vitavi denique culpam;
Non laudem merui, vos exemplaria Græcæ
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
 At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros et 270
 Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque;
 Ne dicam stulte, mirati: si modo ego et vos
 Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
 Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure,

Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camænzæ 275
 Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis:
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncii facibus ora.
 Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
 Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,

Brought vizards in, (a civiler disguise) look
 And taught men how to speak and how to act.
 Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,
 Till her licentious and abusive tongue
 Waken'd the magistrate's coercive pow'r,
 And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.
 Our writers have attempted ev'ry way;
 And they deserve our praise whose daring Muse
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
 And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
 Nor should we be less famous for our wit
 Than for the force of our victorious arms;
 But that the time and care that are requir'd

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno. 280
 Successit vetus his comœdia, non sine multa
 Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
 Dignam lege regi, lex est accepta: chorusque
 Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ: 285
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græcæ
 Ausi deferere, et celebrare domestica facta:
 Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.
 Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis,
 Quam lingua, Latium: si non offenderet unum- 290
 Quemque poetarum, limæ labor et moras. Vos ô
 Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite quod non
 Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque

To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright poets from that necessary toll. 320

Democritus was so in love with wit,
And some men's natural impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crackt;
And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanliness and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art;
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Pass current for Apollo's livery. 330
O! my unhappy stars! if in the spring
Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have writ with more success than I;
But I must rest contented as I am,

Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

Ingenium misera quia fortunatus arte
Credidit, et excludit sanos Helicone poëtas 305
Democritus: bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam: secreta petit loca; balnea vitat.
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poëtae;
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam 306
Tonfori Licino commiserit. ð ego hevus,
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poemata, verum
Nil tanti est: ergo fengar vice cotis, acutum

And only serve to what that wit in you 335
 To which I willingly resign my claim;
 Yet without writing I may teach to write,
 Tell what the duty of a poet is,
 Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
 And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd, 340
 What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
 And when Philosophy directs your choice
 To proper subjects rightly understood,
 Words from your pen will naturally flow; 345
 He only gives the proper characters
 Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
 And what we owe our country, parents, friends,
 How judges and how senators should act,
 And what becomes a general to do: 350

Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi: 303
 Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:
 Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque poetam:
 Quid deceat, quid non: quo virtus, quo ferrat error.

Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons. V
 Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ: 310
 Verbaque prævisam rem non invita sequentur.
 Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis:
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hospes:
 Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium: quæ
 Partes in bellum missi ducis: ille profecto 315

Those are the likest copies which are drawn
 By the original of human life,
 Sometimes in rough and undigested plays
 We meet with such a lucky character
 As, being humour'd right, and well pursu'd,
 Succeeds much better than the shallow verse
 And chiming trifles of more studious pens.
 Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
 For her ambition and her end was fame.
 Our Roman youth is diligently taught
 The deep mysterious art of growing rich,
 And the first words that children learn to speak
 Are of the value of the names of coin.
 Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
 Hath suck'd the basest dregs of usury,

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
 Respicerè exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.
 Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte
 Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
 Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
 Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
 Romani pueri longis rationibus assenti
 Discunt in partes centum diducere, dicat
 Filius Albi, si de quincunee remota est

Pretend to gen'rous and heroic thoughts;
 Can rust and avarice write lasting lines?
 But you, brave youth! wife Nunia's worthy heir,
 Remember of what weight your judgment is,
 And never venture to commend a book
 That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.

A poet should instruct, or please, or both;
 Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
 That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
 And faithful memories retain them long;
 All superfluities are soon forgot.
 Never be so conceited of your parts,
 To think you may persuade us what you please,
 Or venture to bring in a child alive

Uncia, quid superat? Poteras dixisse, triens; eu,
 Rem poteris servare tuam. redit uncia: quid fit?
 Semis. At hæc animos ærugo et cura peculî:
 Quum semel imbuerit, speramus curmina singi.
 Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;
 Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.
 Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta
 Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
 Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
 Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.
 Nec, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:

That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd, 380
 Old age explodes all but morality;
 Austerity offends aspiring youths;
 But he that joins instruction with delight,
 Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:
 These are the volumes that enrich the shops, 385
 These pass with admiration thro' the world,
 And bring their author to eternal fame,
 Be not too rigidly censorious;
 A string may jar in the best master's hand,
 And the most skilful archer miss his aim, 390
 But in a poem elegantly writ
 I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,

Neu pransæ Lamizæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo. 340
 Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis,
 Celsi prætereunt austerâ poëmata Rhamnes.
 Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
 Hic meret æra liber Sosis: hic et mare transit, 345
 Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.
 Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.
 Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus
 et mens,
 Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum:
 Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus. 350
 Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;
 But he that hath been often told his fault,
 And still persists, is as impertinent
 As a musician that will always play,
 And yet is always out at the same note:
 When such a positive abandon'd sopper
 (Among his numerous absurdities)
 Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
 I fret to see them in such company,
 And wonder by what magic they came there.
 But in long works sleep will sometimes surprise:
 Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod;
 Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
 Some better at a distance, others near;
 Some love the dark, some chuse the clearest light,

Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit Natura. quid ergo
 Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
 Quamvis est monitus, veniâ caret: et citharædus
 Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eadem:
 Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, sit Chærilus ille,
 Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror: et idem
 Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Ut pictura, poësis erit, quæ, si propius stes,
 Te capiet magis: et quædam, si longius abstes,
 Hæc amat obscuram, volet hæc sub luce videri,

And boldly challenge the most piercing eye; as if
 Some please for once, some will forever please.
 But, Piso! (tho' your knowledge of the world, 410
 Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
 Remember this as an important truth:
 Some things admit of mediocrity;
 A counsellor or pleader at the bar
 May want Messala's pow'rful eloquence, 415
 Or be less read than deep Cassellius;
 Yet this indiff'rent lawyer is esteem'd;
 But no authority of gods nor men
 Allow of any mean in poesy.
 As an ill concert and a coarse perfume 420
 Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
 And might with more discretion have been spar'd;

Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen tabullo
 Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit. 363

O major juvenum; quamvis et voce paternâ
 Fingeris ad rectum; et per te sapis; hoc tibi dictum
 Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
 Rectè concedi: consultus juris, et actor
 Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis 370
 Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cassellius Aulus:
 Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poetis
 Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.
 Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors, 374
 Et crassum unguentum et Sardo cum melle papaver,

So poetry, whose end is to delight,
 Admits of no degrees, but must be still
 Sublimely good or despicably ill. 425
 In other things men have some reason left,
 And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
 Despairing of success, forbears to try;
 But all (without consideration) write,
 Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth 430
 Can turn them into poets when they please.
 But, Piso! you are of too quick a sight
 Not to discern which way your talent lies,
 Or vainly with your genius to contend;
 Yet if it ever be your fate to write, 435
 Let your productions pass the strictest hands

Offendunt, poterat duci quia cœna sine istis:

Sic aniani natum inventumque poema juvantis,
Si paulum à summo discessit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis.
Indoctusque pilæ discive trochive quiescit. 380
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ:
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. quidni?
Liber et ingenuus, præsertim cœsus equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva: 385
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens: si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metli descendat iudicis aures,

Mine and your father's, and not see the light
Till time and care have ripen'd ev'ry line:
What you keep by you you may change and mend,
But words once spoke can never be recall'd. 440

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human pow'r,
Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
But men as lawless and as wild as they,
And first dissuaded them from rage and blood:
Thus when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute.
Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper native use;
Some they appropriated to the gods,
And some to public some to private ends:
Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,

Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur in annum
Membris intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti. 390
Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque deorum
Cædibus et victu sædo deterruit Orpheus:
Dicitur ob hoc lenire tigres rapidosque leones:
Dicitur et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
Ducere quò vellet. fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis:
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;

Cities were built and useful laws were made:
 So great was the divinity of verse,
 And such observance to a poet paid.
 Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muse
 Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
 To verse we owe the sacred oracles
 And our best precepts of morality:
 Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
 (Who with the Muses ease their weary'd minds)
 Then blush not, noble Piso! to protect
 What gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.

Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
 Others maintain that Nature makes them so;
 I neither see what art without a vein
 Nor wit without the help of art can do,

Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.
 Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
 Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus
 Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
 Versibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina sortes:
 Et vitæ monstrata via est: et gratia regum
 Pieriis tentata modis: ludusque repertus,
 Et longorum operum finis: ne fortè pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena
 Nec rude quid profit video ingenium. alterius sic

But mutually they crave each other's aid.
 He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
 Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
 Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love;
 And no musician dares pretend to skill
 Without a great expense of time and pains;
 But ev'ry little busy scribbler now
 Swells with the praises which he gives himself,
 And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
 Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.

A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
 A flatter'ing audience than poor tradesmen do
 To persuade customers to buy their goods.
 'Tis hard to find a man of great estate

*Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.
 Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer: sudavit, et alit:
 Abstinit venere et vino: qui Pythia cantat
 Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.
 Nunc satis est dixisse, ego mira poemata pango
 Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,
 Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.*

Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emenda,
 Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poeta
 Dives agris, dives positus in scenore nummis.
 Si verò est unctum qui rectè ponere possit,
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atri

That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
 Never delude yourself, nor read your book
 Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,
 For he'll commend and feign an ecstasy,
 Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please:
 True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit;
 As men that truly grieve at funerals
 Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.
 Wife were the kings who never chose a friend
 Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
 And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.
 You cannot arm yourself with too much care
 Against the smiles of a designing knave.

Litibus implicitum: mirabor si sciet inter-
 Noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum. — 425
 Tu seu donâris, seu quid donare vòles cui,
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Lætitiæ, clamabit enim, Pulchrè, bene, Rectè,
 Pallefcet super his: etiam stillabit amicis
 Ex oculis rorem: saliet, tundet pede terram.
 Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
 Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo: sic
 Derisor verò plus laudatore movetur:
 Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
 Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent
 An sit amicitia dignus. Si carmina condes,
 Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

Quintilius, if his advice were ask'd,
 Would freely tell you what you should correct;
 Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
 And with more care supply the vacancy;
 But if he found you fond and obstinate,
 (And apter to defend than mend your faults)
 With silence leave you to admire yourself,
 And without rival hug your darling book.
 The prudent care of an impartial friend
 Will give you notice of each idle line,
 Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,
 Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
 Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
 And with a strict inquiry mark your faults,
 Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love.

Quintilius si quid recitares, Corrige, fodes, vel uT
 Hoc, aiebat, et hoc melius te posse negares, uT
 Bis terque expertum frustra? delere jubebat, uT
 Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus, uT
 Si defendere delictum quam vertere malles, uT
 Nullam ultra verbum aut operam sument inane, uT
 Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares, uT
 Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes, uT
 Culpabit duos: incertis allinet atrum, uT
 Transverso calamo signum: ambitiosa recidet, uT
 Ornamenta: parum claris lucem dare coget, uT
 Arguet ambiguum dictum: mutanda notabit, uT

Those things which now seem frivolous and slight
Will be of a most serious consequence
When they have made you once ridiculous.

A poetaster, in his raging fit,
(Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense;
They make a lane for the polluted thing,
And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,
Fanatic Frenzy sent by Heav'n pursuits.
If (in the raving of a frantic Muse)
And minding more his verses than his way
Any of these should drop into a well,
Tho' he might burst his lungs to call for help,
No creature would assist or pity him,

Fict Aristarchus. nec dicet, Cur ego amicum—
Offendam in nugis? Hic nugæ seria ducent:
In mala, derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.

Ut, mala quem scabies aut niobus regius orget,
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,
Vesani tetigisse timent, fugiuntque poetam,
Qui sapiunt; agitant pueri, incantique sequuntur.
Hic, dum sublimes versus ruotatur, et errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum; foveamve licet, Succurrite, longum
Clamet, io, cives; non sit, qui tollere curtu
Si quis curet opem ferre, ut demittere funem;

But seem to think he fell on purpose in:
 Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
 Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
 In a cold fit leap'd into *Ætna's* flames,
 Give poets leave to make themselves away,
 Why should it be a greater sin to kill
 Than to keep men alive against their will?
 Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;
 For if Empedocles were now reviv'd
 He would be at his frolic once again
 And his pretensions to divinity.
 'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege
 Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,
 The rhyming fiend is sent into these men;
 But they are all most visibly possess'd,
 And, like a baited bear when he breaks loose,

Qui scis, an prudens huc se dejet'eris? atque
 Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique poetæ
 Narrabo interitum: deus immortalis haberi
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus *Ætnam*
 Infilnit, sit jus, liceatque perire poetis.
 Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti,
 Nec semel hoc fecit: nec, si retractus erit,
 Fiet homo, et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
 Nec satis apparet cur versus facitet; utrum
 Minxerit in patrios cineres, an tristi bidental
 Moverit incestus: certè furit, ac velut ursus,

Without distinction seize on all they meet: 540

None ever 'scap'd that came within their reach,

Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood;

Without remorse insatiably they read,

And never leave till they have read men dead. 544

Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,

Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus. 474

Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,

Non missura enim nisi plena cruoris hirudo. 478

AD ARISTUM.

Integer vix, scelerisque putus

Non erit Mævi jaculis, necque arat,

Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,

Illic, phœnix:

Sive per sartes iter assuas,

Sive lachryis per insidias,

Caecum, vel dæda loca labulosas,

Tandem Hypocritæ

THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear Friend! needs no defence;

The surest guard is innocence;

None knew till guilt created fear

What darts or poison'd arrows were:

Integrity undaunted goes

Thro' Libyan sands or Scythian fnows,

Or where Hydaspes' wealthy side

Pays tribute to the Persian pride.

AD ARISTUM.

ODE XXII.

Vita integritatem et innocentiam ubique est tutam.

INTEGER vitæ, scelerisque purus

Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,

Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,

Fusce, pharetrâ:

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,

Sive facturus per inhospitalem

Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus

Lambit Hydaspes.

For as (by am'rous thoughts betray'd) 10
 Careless in Sabine woods I stray'd,
 A grisly foaming wolf unled;
 Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No beast of more portentous size
 In the Hercynian forest lies;
 None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
 With Carthage were in triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place
 That Neptune's frozen arms embrace,
 Where angry Jove did never spare
 One breath of kind and temperate air;

Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ
 Dum moam canto Lalagen, et ultra 10
 Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
 Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit esculetis:
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ:
 Quod latus mundi nebulae, malûsque
 Jupiter urget: 20

Set me where on some pathless plain,
 The swarthy African's complain,
 To see the chariot of the Sun
 So near their scorching country run.

The burning zone, the frozen isles,
 Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles:
 All cold but in her breast I will despise,
 And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

Pone sub curru nimium propinquit
 Solis, in terrâ domibus negata
 Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulcè loquentem.

THE SAME IMITATED.

I.

VIRTUE, dear Friend! needs no defence,
 No arms but its own innocence:
 Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
 Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honest mind safely alone
 May travel thro' the burning zone,
 Or thro' the deepest Scythian snows,
 Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

THE SILENT

While rul'd by a resistless fire,
 Our great Orinda * I admire, 10
 The hungry wolves, that see me stray
 Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest place
 That ever Neptune did embrace;
 When there her image fills my breast, 15
 Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
 So she my fancy entertain,
 And when the thirsty monsters meet,
 They 'll all pay homage to my feet. 20

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name
 Not only can their fierceness tame,
 But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
 They seem submissively to roar in verse. 24

* Mrs. Catharine Phillips.

THE SIXTH ODE

OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

Of the corruption of the times.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans! are now become your own,
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples, which the gods provoke,
And statues fully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke.

Propitious Heav'n, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble grateful piety,

AD ROMANOS.

HOR. LIB. III. ODE VI.

Corruptos sua atatis mores infectatur.

DELICTA majorum immeritus lues,
Romane: donec templa refeceris,
Ædésque labentes deorum, et
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dīs te minorem quòd geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.

(As it rewarded their respect)
 Hath sharply punish'd your neglect.
 All empires on the gods depend;
 Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus' tell
 How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
 And, with insulting pride
 Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Egyptian scum
 Had almost ruin'd Rome,
 While our seditions took their part,
 Fill'd each Egyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian

*Dì multa neglecti dederunt
 Hesperia mala luctuosa.*

Jam bis Monæses, et Pacori manus
 Non auspicatos contudit impetus
 Nostros, et adjecisse prædæ
 Torquibus exiguis renidet.

Penè occupatam seditionibus
 Delevit urbem Dacus, et Æthiops:
 Hic classe formidatus, ille
 Missilibus melior sagittis.

N

First, those flagitious times **21**
 (Pregnant with unknown crimes)
 Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
 From which polluted head
 Infectious streams of crowding sins began, **25**
 And thro' the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.
 Behold a ripe and melting maid
 Bound prentice to the wanton trade;
 Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
 Instruct her in the mysteries of vice; **30**
 What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
 And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.
 Marry'd, their lessons she improves
 By practice of adult'rous loves,

Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias
 Primùm inquinavere, et genus, et domos.
 Hòc fonte derivata clades
 In patriam, populùmque fluxit. **20**
 Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
 Matura virgo, et fingitur artibus
 Jam nunc, et incestos amores
 De tenero meditatur ungui.
 Mox juniores quærit adulteros **25**
 Inter mariti vina : neque eligit

And scorns the common mean design
To take advantage of her husband's wine;
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call.
Hither a merchant from the Straights,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs;
Convenient brutes! whose tributary flame
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted shame.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides;

Cui donet impermissa rapinam
Gaudia, luminibus remotis

Sed jussa coram non sine consensu
Surgit marito: seu vocat inlitor,
Seu navis Hispanæ magister,
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,

Made the proud Asian monarch feel
 How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
 Forc'd ev'n dire Hannibal to yield,
 And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal
 [field:
 But soldiers of a rustic mould,
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
 Either they dug the stubborn ground,
 Or thro' hewn woods their weighty strokes did found;
 And after the declining sun
 Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
 Home with their weary team they took their way,
 And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Pyrrhúmque, et ingentem cecidit 33
Antiochum, Annibalémque dirum :

Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas, et severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portare fustes, sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru.

Time sensibly all things impairs;
 Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
 And we than ours; next age will see
 A race more profligate than we
 (With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies? 45

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit

Nos nequiores, mox daturos

Progeniem vitiosorem. 48

SILENIUS.

ÆCLOGA VI.

PRIMA SYRACUSIENSIS DIEMATA EST LUDERE VOCE
 NOCTIS HEC CROCHUS SYRACUSIENSIS THALIA
 CUM CANEREM TEGES, CE PRÆLIS, CYNTHIUS ANTHEM
 VELLIS, ET ADMONUIT: PASTOREM, SYRACUSIENSIS

SILENUS.

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE.

The Argument.

TWO young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This eclogue was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy; Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I FIRST of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains.
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse, 5
And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse.

SILENUS.

ECLOGA VI.

Faunorum et Satyrorum et Sylvanorum delectatio.

PRIMA Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.
Cum canerem reges, et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit: Pastorem, Tityre, pingues

A shepherd, Tityrus! his flocks should feed,
 And chuse a subject suited to his reed.
 Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
 To write thy praises, Varus! and thy wars)
 My past'ral tribute in low numbers pay,
 And tho' I once presum'd, I only now obey:
 But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
 Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
 Thee only Varus! our glad swains shall sing,
 And ev'ry grove and ev'ry echo ring.
 Phœbus delights in Varus' fav'rite name,
 And none who under that protection came
 Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.
 Proceed, my Muse!
 Young Chromis and Mnafylus chanc'd to stray
 Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,

Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.
 Nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,
 Vare, tuas cupiant, et tristia condere bella)
 Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam.
 Non iniussa cano, si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
 Captus amore leget, te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
 Te nemus omne canet, nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
 Quam sibi que Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.
 Pergite, Pierides, Chromis et Mnafylus in antro
 Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem,

Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain;
 And always boil in each extended vein;
 His trusty flagon, full of potent juice,
 Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
 Dropp'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
 Eager, for both had been deluded long
 With fruitless hope of his instructive song:
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
 Ægle, the fairest Nais of the flood,
 With a vermilion dye his temples stain'd.
 Waking, he smil'd, "And must I then be chain'd?
 "Loose me," he cry'd; "'t was boldly done to find
 "And view a god, but 't is too bold to bind.
 "The promis'd verse no longer I'll delay,
 "(She shall be satisfy'd another way)."

Inflatum hesternò venas, ut semper, laccho,
 Serta procul tantùm capiti delapsa jacebant:
 Et gravis attritâ pendebat cantharus ansâ.
 Aggressi (nam sæpe senex spe carminis ambo
 Luserrat) injiciunt ipsis ex vincula fertis.
 Addit se soelam, timidisque supervenit Ægle:
 Ægle Naisadum pulcherrima, jamque videnti
 Sanguineis frontem moris, et tempora pingit.
 Ille dolem ridens, Quò vincula necesse? inquit,
 Solvite me, pueri: satis est potuisse videri.

With that he rais'd his tūeful voice aloud,
 The knotty oaks their lift'ning branches bow'd,
 And savage beasts and sylvan gods did crowd:
 For, lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
 How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,
 And purer fire, thro' universal night
 And empty space did fruitfully unite;
 From whence th' innumerable race of things
 By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere
 Was harden'd, woods, and rocks, and towns, to bear;
 How sinking waters (the firm land to drain)
 Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
 While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
 A new-born sun surpris'd the dazzled sight;

Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite : carmina vobis; 29
 Huic aliud mercedis erit. simul incipit ipse.

Tum verò in numerum Fatiòsque feràsque videres
 Ludere; tum rígidas motare cacumina quercus.
 Nec tantùm Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes :
 Nec tantùm Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orpheus.
 Namque canebat, uti magnum par insane coacta
 Sémína terrarúmque, animæque, marisve fuissent,
 Et liquidi simul ignis : ut his exordia primis
 Omnia; et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
 Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto
 Cœperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas;

How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,
 And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply; 35
 How the first forest rais'd its shady head, [tains fed.
 Till when few wand'ring beasts on unknown moun-

Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
 Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
 And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire 60
 Rivall'd the Sun with his own heav'nly fire)
 Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endless prey,
 Severely pays for animating clay.

He nam'd the nymph (for who but gods could tell?)
 Into whose arms the lovely Hylas fell. 65
 Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost;
 Hylas in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

He with compassion told Pasiphae's fault,
 Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty
 thought?

Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucescere solem;
 Altiùs atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres :
 Incipiant sylvæ cum primùm surgere, cumque
 Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes. 40

Hinc lapides Pyrrhae jactos, Saturnia regna,
 Caucasiasque refert volucres, furtumque Promethei.
 His adjungit, Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum
 Clamassent : ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.

Et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent, 43
 Pasiphaën nivei solatur amore juveni,

The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries,
 And imitated lowings fill'd the skies,
 (Tho' metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
 Did never burn with such unnatural heat.
 Ah! wretched Queen! while you on mountains stray,
 He on soft flow'rs his snowy side does lay,
 Or seeks in birds a more proportion'd love.

"Surround, my nymphs," she cries, "surround the
 "Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay (grove;
 "Will to my love direct your wand'ring way;
 "Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam;
 "My happier rivals have entic'd him home."

Ah! Virgo infelix! quæ te degentia cepit?
 Proetides implerant falsis mugitibus agros:
 At non tam turpes pecudum tamen ulla secuta est
 Concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,
 Et sæpe in lævi quæfisset cornua fronte.

Ah! Virgo infelix! tu nunc in montibus erras!
 Ille, lævis niventi molli sultus hyacintho,
 Illice sub nigra pallentes ruminat herbas,
 Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege, claudite nym-
 Phæ nymphe, nemorum jam claudite saltus;
 Si quæ sortè ferant oculis sese obvia nostris,
 Errabunda bovis vestigia, forsitan illum
 Aut herbâ captum viridi, aut armenta secutum,
 Perducant aliquæ stabula ad Coryniæ vaccæ.

He sung how Atalanta was betray'd
 By those Hesperian baits her lover laid;
 And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
 While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
 All he describ'd was present to their eyes;
 And as he rais'd his verse the poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by Apollo's will
 Guide wand'ring Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
 (Which place the god for solemn meetings chose)
 With deep respect the learned senate rose,
 And Linus thus (deputed by the rest)
 The hero's welcome and their thanks express:
 "This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
 "To this, the Muses' gift, join thy harmonious song;
 "Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the
 ground
 "Have follow'd with delight the pow'rful sound.

Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam:
 Tum Phaëthontiadas musco circumdat amara
 Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.
 Tum canit, errantem permessi ad flumina Gallum
 Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum;
 Utque viro Phœbi chorus adfurrexerit omnis;
 Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
 Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
 Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) Musæ,
 Ascraeo quos antè seni: quibus ille solebat

" Thus consecrated, thy Grynæan grove

" Shall have no equal in Apollo's love."

Why should I speak of the Megarian maid,

For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?

And her who round with barking monsters arm'd,

The wand'ring Greeks (ah! frighted men!) alarm'd,

Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends,

While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends?

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,

And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,

Who to those woods directs her mournful course,

Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,

While, loath to leave the palace too well known,

Progné flies hov'ring round, and thinks it still her

own?

Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.

His tibi Grynæi nemoris dicatur origo :

Nequis fit lucus, quo se plus jactet Apollo.

Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est,

Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstros

Dulichias vexâsse rates, et gurgite in alto

Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerâsse marinis :

Aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus ?

Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona parârit ?

Quo cursu deserta petiverit, et quibus antè

Infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis ?

O ij

Whatever near Eurota's happy stream,
 With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme
 Silenus sings; the neighb'ring rocks reply,
 And send his mystic numbers thro' the sky;
 Till Night began to spread her gloomy veil,
 And call'd the counted sheep from ev'ry dale;
 The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
 And to prevailing shades the murr'ring world re-
 sign'd. 119

Omnia quæ, Phæbo quondam meditante, beatus
 Audiit Eurotas, iussitque edificere lauros,
 Ille canito pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles.
 Cogere donec oves stabulis, numerumque referre
 Jussit, et invito processit vespè Olympo. 86

Part of the fifth scene of the second act in

GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

AN! happy grove! dark and secure retreat
Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal seat,
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid!
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend,
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine.

Part of the fifth Scene of the Second Act in

GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO.

AMARILLI.

CARE selue beate,
E voi solinghi, e taciturni horrore
Di riposo, e di pace alberghi veri.
O quanto volentieri
A riuederui i torno, e se le stelle
M' haueffer dato inforte
Di viuer à me stessa, e di far vita
Conforme à le mie voglie;
Io già co campi Elisi

O iij

Fond men, by passion wilfully betray'd,
 Adore those idols which their fancy made; 10
 Purchasing riches with our time and care,
 We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;
 And having all, all to ourselves refuse,
 Oppress'd with blessings which we fear to use.
 Fame is at best but an inconstant good, 15
 Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
 We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
 And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies.

Fortunato giardin de semidei 10
 La vostr'ombra gentil non cangerei.

" Che se ben dritto miro

" Questi beni mortali

" Altro non son che mali :

" Men' hà, chi più n'abbonda, 15

" E posseduto è più, che non possede,

" Ricchezze nò, ma lacci

" De l' altrui libertate.

" Che val ne più verdi anni

" Titolo di bellezza, 20

" O fama d'honestate,

" E'n mortal sangue nobiltà celeste :

" Tante grazie del cielo, e de la terra.

" Qui larghi, e lieti campi

" E là felici piagge, 25

In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
 If our abundance makes us wish for more;
 How happy is the harmless country-maid
 Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid
 Whose modest clothes no wanton eyes invite,
 But like her soul preserves the native white;
 Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
 Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton ease;
 Who, free from storms, which on the great ones fall,
 Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;

“ Fecondi paschi, e più secondo armento,
 “ Se'n tanti beni il cor non è contento?
 Felice pastorella,
 Cui cinge à pena il fianco
 Pouera sì, ma schietta,
 E candida gonnella.
 Ricca sol di se stessa,
 E de le grazie di Natura adorna;
 Che'n dolce pouertate
 Nè pouertà conosce, nè i disagi
 De le ricchezze sente,
 Ma tutto quel possiede
 Per cui desio d'hauer non la tormenta;
 Nuda sì, ma contenta.
 Co doni di natura
 I doni di natura anco nudrica;

No care but love can discompose her breast;
 Love! of all cares the sweetest and the best;
 While on sweet grass her bleating charge does lie,
 Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
 Not one on whom or gods or men impose,
 But one whom Love has for this lover chose,
 Under some fav'rite myrtle's shady boughs,
 They speak their passions in repeated vows,

Col latte, il latte auuina,
 E col dolce de l' api

Condifce il mel de le natie dolcezze.
 Quel fonte ond'ella beue,
 Quel solo anco la bagna, e la consiglia;
 Paga lei, pago il mondo:
 Per lei di nemi il ciel s'oscura indarno,
 E di grandine s'arma,
 Che la sua pouertà nulla pauenta;
 Nuda sì, ma contenta
 Sola una dolce, e d'ogn' affanno sgombra
 Cura le sta nel core.
 Pasce le verdi herbette
 La greggia à lei commessa, ed ella pasce
 De suo' begli occhi il pastorello amante,
 Non qual le destinaro
 O gli huomini, o le stelle,
 Ma qual le diede Amore
 E tra l' ombrose piante

And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;
Thus in the arms of Love and Peace they lie,
And while they live their flames can never die. 49

D'un favorito lor Mirteto adorno
Vagheggiata il vagheggia, nè per lui
Sente foco d'amor, che non gli scopra,
Ned' ella scopre ardor, ch'egli non senta,
Nuda sì, ma contenta. 63
O vera vita, che non si che sia
Morire innanzi morte. 64

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